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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868.

EASTERN LANGUAGES AND LEARNING.

THE steady growth of the intercourse between West and East, together with the increasing influence which this intercourse is exerting on the tendencies of modern thought, as well as the analogy between the languages, creeds, habits, and customs of the ancient civilization of the Orient and those of the Occident, have invested the study of Eastern philology with much importance for linguistic, historical, and even practical purposes. This fact has been so generally recognized in Europe that at nearly all the larger universities one, if not two, professorships—one for the Semitic, the other for the Sanscrit and consanguine languages—have been founded, while journals expressly devoted to advance this branch of knowledge have for years appeared in France, England, and Germany. Even the United States, in spite of the more utilitarian character of their people, have not remained behind the rest of the world in this respect, and we possess an Oriental Society which prints a regular journal, in which many valuable articles have already been published. And while so much is being done for the study of the Eastern languages and learning abroad, it will no doubt be interesting to know something about the attention which they receive at home; and this may perhaps best be illustrated by referring to the case of British India, as not only the most accessible country in Asia, but because it is governed by a European power.

No less than four different civilizations, the Braministic, Parseestic, Buddhistic, and Islamitic, encounter in India the civilization of Europe, and their relations toward each other are most distinctly perceptible in the western portion, the Presidency of Bombay. The inferior and higher educational institutions, established there under the auspices of the government, have contributed greatly to a diffusion of Western ideas, and in a measure overcome the prejudices which once existed against them. The Hindoos and the Parsees have thus far shown themselves the most favorable to the reception of this culture, while the Mohammedans have most strongly resisted it. The reason why the former are so willing to acquire English and to profit by Western knowledge is that they have discovered their practical value. It is for the sake of the very considerable advantages which even a superficial European education holds out to them that they consent to forego their religious scruples. With the latter, the religious fanaticism is still too strong to be influenced by any personal inducements, and the result is that their children very rarely attend the English high-schools and colleges in Western India. As the British government refuses to acknowledge those distinctions of caste and privilege which the native rulers have always conceded, the Bramins seek to regain their former ascendancy by a monopoly of the lower official positions (for the higher are exclusively reserved for Englishmen), to which an acquaintance with the English language and literature is indispensable. A natural sequence of this preference for a foreign tongue and culture is the neglect of the native, and especially of the Sanscrit. A Bramin, thoroughly versed in Sanscrit law, was formerly always sure of a career, because all Indian science, whether relating to theology, rhetoric, grammar, philology, logic, law, medicine, astronomy, music, and art, was taught in that language alone. But when these branches, which could not be mastered without long and intense application, ceased to be available under British rule, those who expected a provision in life abandoned the study of Sanscrit for that of English, and this gave rise to a new class of Hindoos, popularly known as "Young Bombay," or "Young Bengal." The ancient literature of the land was no longer desirable, and became a matter of secondary importance to all who had received a Western education. Yet this want of appreciation of the native language was only partly due to personal considerations. The neglect into which it gradually

fell must be equally ascribed to the heads of the English system of education introduced in India. In 1835, when the question was discussed whether the Eastern languages—Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian—or the English should be made the principal language in the schools, Lord Macaulay, the founder of the present system, displayed such a hostility to everything Oriental that the government was induced to withdraw its support from their study, and even to suspend the printing of some very rare works in Sanscrit and Arabic, such as the great epic *Mahabharata*, whose publication the famous English historian declared nothing better than "an accumulation of waste paper." It was entirely owing to the energetic efforts of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, the model of all similar institutions elsewhere, that the publication of these works could be continued. When all attempts to obtain an appropriation to this end from the Anglo-Indian government had failed, the society succeeded in securing the monthly sum of five hundred rupees from the English board of directors, which still is being paid.

Beside the Asiatic Society at Calcutta and the less important one at Bombay, there are in the whole country only three institutions where the native classics, Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian, are specially cultivated. These are the Sanscrit colleges at Benares and Calcutta, and the Mohammedan Medresa at the latter place. In spite of the Anglicizing tendencies of the Indian educational system, they are still flourishing. The only institution of a similar kind in Western India, the Sanscrit college at Puna, was merged in 1857 into an English school for Hindoos, Parsees, and Mohammedans, and its funds were applied to English studies. Most of the professors were pensioned off, for the majority refused to teach anything but Bramin Sanscrit; a few, who were tempted to remain, lost caste by consenting to teach the sacred language to the unclean. The study of the Indian sciences proper, such as philosophy, rhetoric, grammar, logic, etc., which had been diligently cultivated at Puna, was in this manner abolished.

In 1857, during the Sepoy rebellion, the three first Indian universities were opened; one at Calcutta, the second at Madras, and the third at Bombay. These, however, were not universities in the Western sense of the term, but simply high-schools, under the management of the local governments. They conferred degrees, for which a knowledge of two languages was required. The English was, of course, the first; the other was left to the option of the candidate, who could choose the Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Hindostanee, Malayan, Bengali, Uviya (the language of Orissa), Marathi, Telegu, Tamil, Guzerati, or Portuguese. Most aspirants for degrees naturally selected their native language for the second, because it required the least preparation. Aside from this, very little was done for instruction in the Oriental classics or the provincial idioms, which were left to take care of themselves. A change took place in 1863, when the senates of the universities of Calcutta and Bombay resolved to restrict the choice of the second language for the philological course to the so-called classical—Sanskrit, Arabic, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—and to exclude all modern languages, except the English, from the university. It was probably expected that this measure would give a greater impulse to the study of Sanscrit, which should certainly be more congenial to the Orientals than Latin or Greek. But the candidate, even if a Hindoo, seems generally to prefer the Latin, because it is taught by all the tutors; and for this reason, as well as because the examination in it is less difficult to pass than in Sanscrit, the Western language is the more popular. In Madras, though it is called the "benighted presidency," and regarded as the seat of ignorance and superstition, one of the modern languages has, however, been retained in the academic curriculum. A very serious obstacle to the study of the native languages is that all the different branches of learning—mathematics, history, physics, geography, etc.—are taught in English, and that the answers at the examinations must be returned in it.

It will be sufficiently apparent from this slight sketch that the educational interests of India are under the control of men who care little or nothing for the Eastern languages and literature. They are mostly Oxford graduates, who regard their alma mater as the fountain

of all learning and wisdom. One of them is reported actually to have said that the languages of India were only fit to express the thoughts of children—a remark which conclusively proves its author's prejudice. The English high-schools, colleges, universities, or whatever else they are called, may therefore be said to injure, rather than to promote, a scientific study of Sanscrit, and it is only the very liberal support given by the Anglo-Indian government, and certain wealthy persons, to native and European scholars, that keeps alive the love of Oriental archæology in its cradle.

OUR REDUNDANT CURRENCY.

THE condition of Wall Street for the past two weeks does not sustain the favorite theory that we have too much money afloat. There are too many greenbacks, says the Secretary of the Treasury. This country requires, says some one else, exactly so many millions wherewith to do its business. Every community, says another, needs just so many dollars per head of population, and there is more than that proportion now afloat; hence all our financial evils. Contract, says the Secretary. Contract, say also the others; but stop contracting when you get down to our mark. Get to that mark and all will be well. The population theory ought to provide for an additional issue of notes as fast as every additional child is born; but it does not. It only proposes to adjust the issue to population after every census—once in ten years. The results would be that our currency would be exactly right in quantity only for one instant of time, for every moment new babies are born; and that all the children born between the census periods would have to wait from one day to ten years before getting their rightful share of the common stock of money.

How is it, if there be too much money, that it should be painfully scarce in the very centre of finance and trade—New York? What has become of the redundant portion of the money? The superabundance ought to be left over somewhere and would most naturally pile itself up here. Instead of finding money superabundant, greenbacks have been so scarce that our strongest banks have had hard work to get enough wherewith to pay their debts.

It would be rather a complicated computation to ascertain how many shoes our population of thirty-five millions need every year, and of what kind and size; but it could be got at more exactly than the quantity of money they wish to use from time to time. Economists have given up attempting to fix the quantity of shoes that should be made, and leave that to be settled by the separate action of each consumer and each shoemaker. The result is that no man who wants to buy a pair of shoes has to go barefoot even for a day, and the shoemakers never have shoes enough in over-supply to induce them to throw any away. If shoes were redundant, we should find them often in the ash-barrels new, fresh-polished, without a scratch on sole or upper. So with greenbacks, if they were redundant.

It is an essential part of wisdom to discover what you do not know and what you cannot know. Having found out these things, one has his time and thought left for learning something that can be learned. No man is wise enough or ever will be wise enough to know what quantity of money the people can profitably use in their daily business. One man is over-cautious and another is reckless. One man will lay away greenbacks months before the debts to which he intends to apply them are to come due. Another will take the chance of the last moment. Some men carry pocket-books stuffed full of ready money; others, for the sake of safety, carry little or no money. Many hoard lawful money, whether it be gold or paper; others convert all their ready money into what are called deposits in bank—that is, part with their money in exchange for a bank promise to pay it back when the original owner has demanded it. For any man or any small body of men to suppose themselves wise enough to regulate this matter for the people is absurd. If furnishing the supply of money were left to the people, without any legislation from the public authorities, the supply of currency would always be as wisely regulated as is now the supply of shoes. If our money were, as of old, composed of gold, wherever there was not gold enough the people would draw all they

wanted either from other countries or our own mines. If there was too much gold here, they would send the surplus abroad and get something that was more useful.

The evil in our present currency is not in its redundancy, but in its bad quality. If, instead of four hundred millions of greenbacks, we had four hundred millions of gold coin floating about among us as our only money, should we hear anything of redundancy and of the necessity for contraction? Before the economists could find out there was too much gold among us, or that our money was redundant, the people would have quietly shipped what they did not need to other countries—the evil would be cured almost before it existed.

If the contractionists will only start with one or two simple truths, to wit, that a currency which is good, one which has an intrinsic value, never can be redundant; and that of a bad currency, one which has not an intrinsic value, there will always be too much so long as there is any, they will find that the point to which to address their thoughts is, how to improve the *quality* of our money; that done, the *quantity* will regulate itself. Our present money will always be bad, be there little or much of it, so long as it has no intrinsic value. Coin has intrinsic value; so has a promise to pay coin, if means are provided for keeping the promise. If government will simply provide means for paying these greenback promises-to-pay, we shall hear no more of this theoretic redundancy accompanied by actual scarcity.

THE McARDLE CASE.

ON a question of personal liberty the Supreme Court of the United States postpones uttering a decision to a more convenient season. Not because the judges have not reached a conclusion; not that the court needs further time to examine the question, nor that it desires a reargument of the points that the court may be assisted to a safer judgement—for none of these reasons is it dumb when duty calls upon it to speak. It is afraid. It is cowed. There is no need that Congress shall hereafter pass laws to restrain the powers of the court. It has only to threaten, and the trembling judges will cringe and be silent. The snap of the whip is enough; the actual lash may be forborne.

A citizen of this country is in bonds; he insists that his imprisonment is unlawful. Failing to get relief short of that, he reaches the highest court in the land—the theoretical fountain of justice—and asks it to decide a question which for many centuries has been held in the mother country and in this to be the most sacred question that can be laid before a judicial tribunal: that of the right of a man to his personal freedom. It is a question which, by all the practice of courts in England and here, is never to be postponed, but to be acted upon with all the promptitude possible. Every day that the humblest person in the nation is unrighteously deprived of his personal liberty is a day of disgrace to the country and of deep disgrace to the judiciary. It is for just such cases that the judiciary is necessary as a department of the government; for such cases chiefly that it is instituted. No judiciary is needed save to protect the weak from the powerful, the individual from the oppression of the rest of the community. The strong can take care of themselves. When judges refuse or neglect to stand between the weak and the powerful, they shirk their proper work; they take their salaries on false pretences. In taking pay under such circumstances they steal; just as truly steal as does the handicraftsman who neglects his day's labor, and then comes at night to take a day's wages. These judges have been advanced to posts of the very highest honor and power, and have been secured in them for life, to no other intent than that they should pay the people back by protecting every one of the people from the abuses of power. If from fear or indolence, or love of personal comfort, they refuse this plain duty, as honest men they should resign the dignity and the reward. Every day that they hold their offices after having become unwilling to do their proper work, they are taking money they do not earn; they are receiving honors and credit to which they have no claim.

The excuse for this postponement of a decision which the court was ready to make and bound by duty to make is, that Congress was about to pass a new law affecting the case. What had the judges to do with

what Congress was going to do or might do? The man who appealed to them did not ask them to say whether the laws would always leave him free in the future; he asked simply whether he was free as the law then stood. How could they take cognizance of an incomplete and inchoate law? What official notice had they that the law was to be altered? Is it not mere impertinence in them to meddle in any way with the business proper of Congress; to watch the progress of legislation; to seek to know what Congress is debating about? They have to do only with the law as it stands completed in the statute-book. They have nothing to do with bills proposed or referred or passed in one house and hanging in another.

It was base cowardice that prompted this postponement of duty; a fear that Congress might turn around and somehow wreak its vengeance on the court or its judges. Do the judges think that the party majority in Congress will be turned away from its designs upon the court, whatever they may be, by this cringing attitude? Will it not rather be emboldened to kick the self-degraded court the harder? When that party majority has in the White House a President in accord with itself, as in a few weeks it will have, the first step taken will probably be one that shall effectually fetter the court and render it incapable of harm. Judges enough will be appointed to drown the voices of the cowardly men who have thus given up their own last chance to exhibit a bold and honest devotion to duty.

A citizen is in bonds, in captivity, deprived of personal freedom—unlawfully, as he alleges. The highest court in the land finds that he is unlawfully held, but dare not say so. That the court was convinced his imprisonment was unlawful is manifest; for a decision that he was lawfully held would not have run counter to the wishes of Congress. Such a decision, if they could conscientiously have come to it, there would have been no reason for postponing. Nor would Congress have had any need to pass an act to interfere with the course of the court if a decision in conformity with the wishes of Congress could have been had. There can be no doubt that the court knew McArdle was held against law and did not dare to say so. The man is left in bonds a year longer because the court finds it inconvenient just now to speak the truth. If it had been a question of the ownership or possession of property, the court would, no doubt, have spoken promptly rather than let it remain in wrong hands for a year longer. So much more do they regard the rightful possession of dollars than the rightful possession of his own person by one of their fellow-men.

Honor to the veteran Grier and to Judge Field, who, it is understood, protested against this neglect of duty by the court of which they were members! Shame, deep shame, to the veteran Nelson, who has dimmed for ever his previous high repute for courage and honesty by turning craven at the last! We are prating every day about the corruption of the judiciary in the inferior courts of the country. How can we look now for purity in any of the streams through which justice is distributed among men, when the very fountain of justice is foul? The corruption from bribes is in no degree worse than the corruption of fear.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT EASTER.

IT is a rather discouraging reflection that, in the course of human events, certain institutions should be handed down from generation to generation, like original sin, and serve as a continued check to human progress. To dispense with them is perhaps one of the most difficult problems which history has yet to solve, for it is at times far more trying to establish the new than to pull down the old. The reader may at first feel surprised that a subject apparently so harmless should engender such a serious train of thought; and yet it is our honest opinion that nothing is more certain than that the present computation of the Easter festival belongs to those time-worn customs whose extinction could only result beneficially. The venerable fathers of the Nicæan Council, to whom we are originally indebted for the conception, would probably themselves be rather surprised over the excessive stability of their ordinance could they be aware that it has already flourished for fifteen hundred years. The object which they had mainly in view was, no doubt, to draw a broad line of demarcation

between the specific Christian festival of the Resurrection and the Jewish Passover, which had early been incorporated in the Church; but they could hardly have contemplated to set up a canon valid for all coming time, for compliance with its provisions appears nowhere expressly enjoined under penalties. It was only gradually that the observance became a universal practice.

It is well known that, according to the decision of the Nicæan Council, Easter-day falls on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox; and the feast oscillates, therefore, during the present century, between the 22d of March and the 25th of April—a period of thirty-five days. The imperfect mode of computation then in use scarcely admitted of any other and more accurate arrangement. But to-day the case is different. The computation of Easter ranks still, even with the greatly simplified method invented by Gauss, among the most intricate arithmetical calculations; and the technical terms "golden number," "dominical letter," "solar cycle," etc. employed, seem to lay eyes something very much like the astronomical abrakadabra. With the countless and profoundly important questions which the mind of man is now constantly called upon to investigate, the labor bestowed on such computations appears to us a wanton waste of time and brains which might both be more profitably employed. There are, of course, always people who take a special delight in such bootless pains, and the solution of the Easter problem would therefore, perhaps, not be so objectionable on that account alone did not other and more serious objections exist against the excessive and unnecessary mobility of the festival.

The present location of Easter is in truth of no conceivable advantage to anybody. It has no dogmatic significance whatever, the whole being a matter of expediency; and the Protestant and the Catholic Churches could therefore easily agree on the adoption of some other system. Neither of them can have any substantial interest at stake in the preservation of the custom. The haste and preoccupation of modern society make a fixed division of time, the blessings of which we daily experience, an imperative want. "Time," says the popular adage, "is money," and for the business of every-day life a regular division of time means a saving of both time and money. By Easter we regulate the school year and the children's vacations. And here it may be asked why the school year should not be made to correspond with the ordinary one; but such a radical change might do more harm than good, for the question would then arise, which church festival is to be set apart for confirmation?—Christmas being manifestly unsuitable for that purpose. Another serious objection would be that winter, which is the best season for study, would be cut in two by it. But though a change of the church and school year would not seem advisable, we are convinced that the next possible proximate fixture of Easter would be cordially approved by all. Both terms of the school year would then be equalized; the mercantile world would have a certain, clearly-ascertained period for the spring sales, and many other classes of the community would probably likewise feel the good effects of the improvement. Nor could anything be more simple than the way in which this object might be accomplished. The Easter festival has been very properly associated with Sunday, and no date can therefore be fixed permanently for its observance. But if this fluctuation is unavoidable, it needs by no means be so great as it is. Let the last Friday in March be selected for Good Friday and the first Sunday in April for Easter Sunday, and the whole extent of the variation will at once be reduced to within a single week. Whether the one or the other of these two methods is preferable, the almanac-makers could easily settle with the theologians. In either case, it would dispense with the present artificial and indefinite system of calculation.

Many readers will no doubt readily agree with our proposition, but content themselves with regarding it as a reform that cannot be carried out in practice. How are all Christian denominations to be brought to act when the days of church councils which passed laws for the whole of Christendom are long past? The obstacles would certainly be great and numerous. The question might even produce another schism among the

churches. But, apart from the circumstance that the Easter festival of the Greek Catholics differs from that of the Roman Catholics, the churches are already at issue among themselves upon other points. We maintain, therefore, the propriety of agitating the question by the convocations and conferences of religious bodies all the world over.

COMMON CARRIERS.

THE absolute liability of common carriers for the safe delivery of goods entrusted to them for carriage has long been a favorite and well-established doctrine of the common law. There are but two exceptions to the rule: where losses are caused by the act of God or the public enemy, the carrier is not liable; for robbery, loss, fire, and every other accident and incident of risk the carrier is liable to the full extent of the value of the article lost. And a common carrier is by law obliged to carry all that is offered for carriage to the extent of the capacity of his vehicles. Long ago, in the stage-coach era, the doctrine of limited liability by a general notice was introduced, but the doctrine was carried so far that eminent English judges have regretted its introduction.

In this country the courts have never gone the length of holding the doctrine of general notice. They hold that where special notice was given to the owner that certain reasonable restrictions had been adopted, such restrictions, if reasonable, would be carried out. They have, however, decided that carriers may by a contract alter their common-law relations, and make such agreement with the owner of goods entrusted to them as he chooses to enter into. Under these decisions carriers very generally insert in the receipts they give for goods long limitations of their liability, which in effect would sweep away all liability. Carriers of passengers' baggage very generally limit their liability to fifty dollars for each package, and passengers in the hurry of travel never notice the restriction. It is attempted by these carriers to make such contracts legal. They say that a person receiving a receipt for baggage is bound to read it, and if he receives it without objection, he is to be held as having assented to all it contains. Considering that these receipts are often given at night in dark cars and in the hurry of departure, it seems ridiculous to charge a passenger with knowledge of the contents and assent on his part to them. The Supreme Court of New York has lately decided that such acceptance of a receipt is not in itself evidence of assent. Judge Shipman, of the United States Circuit Court, has, however, decided the reverse, and that such acceptance is evidence of a concurrence with the terms of the receipt which makes it binding on both parties. In the case decided by him, however, Judge Shipman held that the limitation of liability to fifty dollars for each article meant not each trunk or package, but each article in the trunk. Of course, there will be an immediate alteration of the express receipts to meet this view, but the question still remains—has the carrier an arbitrary right to fix a sum for which alone he will be liable?

Now, the policy of the law has always been a strict one toward the carriers. It rests upon the convenience and security of the public. It will not allow the carrier to excuse himself for the non-delivery of the goods delivered to him by showing their loss by fire, robbery, or any other accident. The reason is given by the elementary writers. It is this: the carrier must have no temptation to dishonesty. If he be held to strict accountability, he will hold his servants to the like strict accountability; but if the law relax his liability, so he will inevitably relax his care and diligence in the safe keeping of the property entrusted to him. Now, when a person is travelling and delivers his baggage-check to an express agent, and receives from the agent a little slip of paper with the number of his check upon it, he puts it in his pocket without critical examination. If his baggage arrives safely, all is well. But if it do not, it is certainly a very great stretch of the doctrines of the law to say that the owner has assented and become a party to a contract which he has not read, and the legal effect of which no layman can determine. If the carrier can thus limit his liability to fifty dollars for each trunk or package, why may he not limit it to one dollar, which would practically be a total immunity from any liability at all? The baggage-express is a convenient servant of the public, but if such pretensions as are now put forward on its behalf should be tolerated, it would be an unmitigated nuisance, and would rapidly degenerate into a machine for wholesale plunder of passengers' baggage. The wisdom of the common law in the case of common carriers can hardly be improved; certainly cannot be

improved by further progress in the direction of irresponsibility.

MYTHOLOGY AND ART.

II.

THE earliest of personal gods was, perhaps, the embodiment of the outer, fleshly love, just as the latest of gods is love, the inner spiritual emotion. It is in love the passion that one feels his duality most readily and keenly—feels himself hurried away by a power over which he seems to lose instead of gaining control. The Greek called it by a name, Erös (Ἔρως, from the root *er-erō*: cf. Lat. *sero*, to bind), signifying the binder, one might almost say, the enchainner. He placed it, as the Hindoo did, far away at the beginning of things, as the principle at once of union and diremption, and hence of productivity. Next in order after Love would come the Furies, then Strife. The Greek called the former *Ἐρινύες*, the latter *Ἔρις*, words both derived from the same root as *Ἔρως*, and, notwithstanding their difference of signification, both containing the fundamental idea of binding, confinement, want of freedom. The Furies are personifications of revenge, remorse, and envy; what powers enslave the spirit more than these? Well did the ancients understand the nature of these feelings, when they represented the furies as maddening goddesses who incessantly pursued their victims and left them no continued rest or peace!

The further progress of personification may best be illustrated from the mythology of the Greeks, which, being the most highly developed of all mythologies, can be studied with most advantage. Love, revenge, remorse, envy, and strife then were the earliest Greek personifications. Their genealogies were a much later invention, and came into existence only after personification had become so far developed as to demand the introduction of system into it. The powers that free from the influence of these passions would probably come next: they are Apollo, Artemis, Athênê, and Hestia. Apollo has four attributes, and it would be impossible to choose four whose influence should be better calculated to soothe and free the spirit. He is the god of purification, the condition whereof is year-long servitude and toil. French novelists think this remedy is a discovery of theirs; for example, Madame Sand in her *Valvèdre*. They are greatly mistaken. Apollo is the god of music, whose calming influence need only be alluded to. He is the god of archery and many exercises; and finally, he is the god of death. Artemis, his sister, is the chaste goddess of the moon and of hunting. She ranges the fresh, green woods all night, when the dew is on the grass and all nature is calm and soothing. Apollo means the Dispeller or Repeller; Artemis, the Fitter or Arranger. Well might the Greeks call them the children of Lêtô, Forgetfulness. Athênê, the Restraîner of Slaughter, who was represented as springing into existence full-armed, is the last of the pathological gods, with the exception of Hestia, the goddess of domestic affection. It is remarkable that Artemis, Athênê, and Hestia are the only deities in the Greek mythology over whom Erös was said to have no power.

The first personifications of natural objects would probably be the Sun, the Moon, and the Winds, as these are named from their immediate effects upon the human body, and their modes of encroachment on spiritual freedom, rather than from any other quality. The Sun, *Ἥλιος*, accordingly means the Seizer or Grasper (fr. *hlein*), the Moon, *Σελήνη*, is probably the feminine corresponding. The winds are: from the North-East, *Βορέας*, the Eater or Biter; from the South-East, *Εὐρος*, the Singer or Scorching; from the South-West, *Νότος*, the Drencher; and from the North-West, *Ζέφυρος*, the Gloom-bringer, the Storm. These being once thoroughly personified and endowed with particular attributes, the process is fully begun, and further developments are easy and natural. As the stuttering, outrageously amusing Brid'oison, in the *Barbier de Séville*, says: *On est toujours fils de quelqu'un*; and so the Greeks thought. From the Sun, the Moon, and the Winds the passage was easy to the broad, bright sky, the father and container of these. Zeus, or Jupiter (*Ζεύς-πατήρ*), means nothing more than this: he sits upon the summit of Olympus, which means the Shining (fr. *γάνω*). His wife is Hêrê, the low, heavy, dense atmosphere, or the Mist. Hêrê's name is still in all our mouths in the form *air*. Zeus reigns supreme, but is engaged in continual quarrels with his wife, who is disposed to have a will of her own. He is long-suffering toward her, and is never surprised at her freaks, however frequently they may occur. Zeus is the father of the gods, and there never was a period at which a personification higher and more embracing

than he was actually worshipped by the Greeks as supreme. The personal gods that, in the theogony, precede Jupiter were simply abstractions made for the purpose of supplying a genealogy for the actual gods, and especially for Jupiter, whom the Greeks, notwithstanding his supremacy, could not imagine as self-created. The nature-gods anterior to Zeus show us the first rude attempt of the growing mind to construct a philosophy of the universe, and they are exceedingly interesting on that account. They show a great advance in the power of thinking and abstracting. Zeus is the son of *Κρόνος*, Time, and *Ψείν*, Change; these, again, are children of *Οὐρανός* and *Γαῖα*, Heaven and Earth; literally, the Uplifted and the Low-lying. Heaven himself is the son of Earth, who is preceded by nothing but Chaos, the yawning Abyss. Beyond this the Greek and, indeed, Indo-Germanic mind generally cannot go. It stops utterly short and retraces its steps. In this relation nothing could be more instructive, as showing the universal bent of Aryan thinking, than the one hundred and twenty-ninth hymn of the tenth book of the *Rig-Veda*, given by Max Müller in his *History of Sanskrit Literature*:

"Nor Aught nor Naught existed: yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad roof outstretched above.
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?
There was not death—yet there were naught immortal.
There was no confine betwixt day and night;
The only One breathed breathless by itself—
Other than It there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound—an ocean without light.
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.
Then first came love upon it, the new spring
Of mind—yea, poets in their hearts discerned,
Pondering, this bond between created things
And uncreated. Comes this spark from earth,
Piercing and all-pervading, or from heaven?
Then seeds were sown, and mighty powers arose—
Nature below, and power and will above.
Who knows the secret? who proclaimed it here,
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
The gods themselves came later into being—
Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?
He from whom all this great creation came,
Whether his will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it—or perchance even He knows not."

The Semitic mind placed God instead of Chaos, Being instead of Nothing, at the beginning of things, and hence passed easily through creation to multiplicity. The Greek mind in its course forward from Chaos gives birth to many new creations, which it weaves with infinite care and ingenuity into its genealogical system. Never was system of science or philosophy more complete in all its parts than the Greek Mythology.

First, then, was Chaos, the yawning Abyss, formless, moveless, mateless, sexless. Then came Gæa, the Earth, female and endowed with form, resting upon Tartarus; and along with her, Erös, Love, the Binder and Diremptor. Chaos is the parent of Erebus and Nox, male and female, Gloom and Night, who again are the parents of Æther and Héméra, Brightness and Day. Everywhere we observe that the negative is viewed as the *prîus*, and the positive as the accidental.

Gæa, unwedded, gave birth to Ouranos, coextensive with herself (*αἰμαυρός*), also to the mountains and the barren sea. Intermarrying with Ouranos, she became the mother of the Titans and Titanides, each six in number, also of the Cyclops, and the Hekatoncheires. Ouranos, on beholding his own offspring, was so horrified that, as soon as they were born, he concealed them in the bowels of the earth. Gæa, however, being unable to find room for them, produced iron, made a sickle, and begged of her sons therewith to free both themselves and her from the oppression of Ouranos. They were all afraid except Kronos, the youngest, who undertook and carried out the deed. From the blood of Ouranos spilt upon the earth arose the Giants, the Furies, and the Melian Nymphs; from that spilt in the sea sprang Aphrodite, who, landing in Cythéra, was joined by Erös. The Titans were now universal lords, and, by marrying each a sister, they soon produced a numerous progeny. Few things could be more instructive than the names of these Titans and their offspring. Kronos, Time, married Rheia, Change, and became the father of Hadês, Poseidôn, and Zeus, the Invisible, the Fleeting, and the Clear. It would be easy to go through the whole of the Greek theogony, and interpret its deities into abstractions; we might, for example, refer to the progeny of Night—Death, Sleep, and Dream (*Θάνατος*, *Ὕπνος*, *ὄνειρος*), with many others whom even we assign to darkness as their origin; but it is not necessary here.

The Greek Trinity is a magnificent conception, a sublime projection of mind into the region of pure ideas, such as is nowhere else recorded in history. To trace briefly its genesis once more: First, we have

fetichism passing into nature-worship; then, nature-worship passing into personification of the passions; then, personification reverting to nature, and creating gods in it; and lastly, the spectacle of the mind, conscious of system, endeavoring to introduce genealogy into the world of the gods, beginning with Chaos and working back to the point where it started. The deduced Zeus of the backward course is very different from Zeus, the personified nature-deity. He is no longer merely the clear, broad expanse of the all-containing sky; he is clearness and expanse themselves. He is the Self-existent, the Independent, the All-powerful. This and not the other is the Zeus that overcomes time. Let us relate briefly the pregnant Greek myth referring to this: Kronos, foreboding evil from his own offspring, swallowed them, one after another, as soon as they were born. Rheia, before the birth of her sixth child, Zeus, applied for advice to her parents, Ouranos and Gæa, who agreed to lend her their aid. Accordingly, when Zeus was born, Rheia, following their counsel, concealed him, and, taking a stone, she wrapped it in swaddling-clothes, and gave it to Kronos, who came, eager to devour his offspring. Kronos swallowed the stone and Zeus was saved. Time destroys all things save the self-existent, which is spirit. He devours the swaddling-clothes even of it—yea, the stone that is set up to tell where it was once swaddled; but Zeus's spirit, the self-existent, eludes his grasp and laughs him to scorn. The empire of Time is over as soon as Spirit is born; that is, as soon as it is conscious. The concept of Zeus, therefore, is the concept of immortality; and hence it is not strange that the Greek words for *life* bear a strong resemblance to the word Zeus. Mind alone truly lives; mind only is immortal, and the Greeks erred only in seeking a genesis for it.

No less remarkable than Zeus are some of his brothers and sisters, whom he caused the vanquished Kronos to disgorge. Hadès, in particular, is deserving of attention; the conception of him is very remarkable. We are a long way from fetich-worship, when we come to a personification of the Invisible. We have risen above the sensuous world altogether, into the region of pure thought. Strangely enough, the Greeks represented Hadès both as a person and as a place; at once as the ruler and the abode of the dead. They had come to know that, behind all this seeming, all this outward appearance, there was something—whether it was some who or some where they could not tell—which baffled sight, but which, nevertheless, undoubtedly was. Where does the spring verdure, where do the summer flowers, where do the autumn fruits come from? The Greek said, the daughter of Mother Earth—Persephoné, the wife of Hadès—came from her abode in the under-world to reside for one half of the year with her mother. We, to-day, cannot say much more than that they come from the Invisible. Death comes,

“and where is that which spoke
From the depths of the eye when the spirit woke?”

It has gone, the Greek said, to the Invisible, and the Invisible is, as truly as the Visible. How telling are the words of Achilleus, when he tries and fails to grasp the returning shade of his beloved Patroclus, which vanishes from him like smoke:

“Ὡ πόποι, ἦ ῥά τις ἔστι καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν
ψυχὴ καὶ εἰδωλόν, ἅτῃρ φρένες οὐκ ἐνὶ πύμπαν.

And not only Zeus and Hadès, but all the Greek gods posterior to them, are pregnant with meaning which the Greeks themselves knew but dimly, but which our superior knowledge of the laws and operations of mind enables us to discover. The same mental phenomena which the Greeks interpreted into gods we interpret into abstractions; hence the ease with which the Greek theogony lends itself to philosophic interpretation. Let us not suppose, however, or believe that the Greek knew he was philosophizing; had he known that, he would have philosophized, and we should have been left without art and its multifarious glories.

For Greek art was the natural and necessary outcome of Greek mythology, flowing as freely from it as water does from a mountain spring. Next to freedom, the most powerful aspiration of the human mind is the perpetuation of its products—of that which it detaches and objectifies. Immortality for itself is contained in its consciousness of freedom; immortality for its products is not. Hence it labors to immortalize them. We have, moreover, all a strange consciousness that the products of mind are not private property; for no sooner are we in possession of them than we hasten to impart them. When we say that all men desire recognition, we wrong many men; for all true men desire not recognition for themselves, but recognition for the truth they have arrived at. It may be true that the

desire of fame is the “last infirmity of noble minds;” nevertheless, it is an infirmity, and he who, in promulgating truth, desires to retain a claim on it, and to have it called by his name, is no true man.

MOSES AND THE MONUMENTS.

THE relation of the ancient Hebrew history to that of contemporary nations is one of the most interesting topics of modern investigation; and whatever obscurities may still shroud it, certain points nevertheless may now be considered clearly fixed. A brief exposition, therefore, of the results of recent researches in respect to the central figure, the commanding name with which the strictly historical records of the Hebrews open, will doubtless be welcome to many readers. For, though there is a difference among scholars of fifty or sixty years as to the date of the exodus, it is established beyond question by monumental evidence that the period intervening between the entrance and the exit of the Children of Israel in Egypt comprises a brilliant epoch in the history of the kingdom of the Pharaohs and that the exodus itself occurred in the first half of the fourteenth century before Christ.

Two thousand years had elapsed since the empire of the Egyptians, begun in Memphis and gradually extending its pyramids and its temples southward to Thebes, had attained a great degree of splendor and strength, when suddenly, as the traditions relate, a Semitic nomad horde, pressed hard by the Assyrians, broke into Egypt, across the Isthmus of Suez, and, having become well organized under able leaders, occupied the Delta, defeated the Egyptian armies, and, choosing their own kings, established their residence and camp in the city of Tanis, or, as it was called in Egyptian, Hanar (Avaris), and by degrees extended their domain to Memphis, and made the Egyptian kings in Southern Egypt tributaries. This foreign domination lasted for five hundred years; and the Egyptians found what satisfaction they might in writing them down in the inscriptions with which they still went on covering the walls of their temples and tombs with the word *amu*, which signifies *ox-herds*, or with the epithet, *aadu*, which signifies *the despised*.

But, as in other similar cases of contact between an inferior and a superior civilization, the latter triumphed at last; the nomadic hordes of the Semites yielded to the culture and the arts of the Egyptians, and erected a temple in Tanis to Sutech, the Egyptian conception of the Semitic Baal, and even made use of the Egyptian mode of writing on their tombs. Yet the spirit of the Pharaohs was unbroken, and in the end the latter were able to overcome their conquerors: Tanis was besieged and taken, and Egypt was again free. And from that time begins the brilliant period in its history, covering the nineteenth and eighteenth and seventeenth centuries before our era. The Egyptian armies pressed into Palestine, and, by the way of Gaza and Megiddo, to the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and laid an annual tribute upon Babylon and Nineveh, and erected pillars to commemorate their victory upon the borders of Armenia, where, as the hieroglyphic inscriptions read, the heavens rest upon four columns. And thus it was, as Bunsen remarks, that Africa took its revenge upon Asia. Thousands of captives were brought back to labor in the Egyptian temples in Memphis and Thebes, on the walls of which they still stand delineated, bringing water and moistening clay and making bricks and spreading them in the sun to dry, while Egyptian taskmasters stand over them, stick in hand.

A new dynasty, known as the nineteenth, followed presently upon that which had thus shaken off the Hyksos, as the foreign kings are commonly designated; and at its head stood Ramses I., its founder, about the middle of the sixteenth century before our era. About 1400 B.C., his grandson, Ramses II., began his reign, which lasted for sixty-six years; and it is then that the first monumental synchronism occurs with the records of the Hebrews in the Bible. For, on the eastern side of the Delta, from Pelusium to Heliopolis, Ramses II. constructed a series of bulwarks against irruptions from the side of Palestine, as well as with a view to keep down the Semitic population of his kingdom, and among them two fortified places named Ramses and Pachtum: “And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Ramses” (*Exod. i. 11*)—the word Pharaoh, which the Hebrews applied to the king, being merely a title signifying *the great house*, just as we call the Sultan *the Sublime Porte*. It was under this Pharaoh, Ramses II., that Moses was born and brought up, in the first half of the fourteenth century before Christ:

In one of the papyrus rolls preserved in the British Museum, the Egyptian scribe, Pinebsa, reports to his chief, Amenemaput, the condition in which he found the city of Ramses. It is incomparable, he says, and life is sweet therein; the plain is filled with inhabitants, the ponds and canals with fishes, and the fields with birds, while fragrant flowers bloom in the meadows, and the fruits taste like honey, and the granaries burst with corn. And then he describes the preparations which had been made for the reception of the king at his entrance into the city, and adds that the pressure of men to greet him was very great, but more especially to lay before him, “mighty in victory,” their supplications and complaints. And on the back of this withered papyrus is a memorandum of the very fact of building of which *Genesis* makes mention.

We should naturally expect to find the term by which the Children of Israel were known to foreign nations applied to them on the Egyptian monuments; and, in fact, the most recent investigation has found this term in the Egyptian designation *Aphur*. Thus, in a papyrus well preserved at Leyden, in Holland, is found the following writing from the scribe Kanitsir to his chief, the scribe Bakenphath: “May my master find content therein that I have accomplished the task which my master assigned to me in the words, to wit: ‘Give sustenance to the soldiers and also to the Hebrews who transport stones to the great city of the King Ramses-Miamun, Lover of the Truth [and who] are put under command of the captain of the police-soldiers, Ameneman.’ I supplied them with food each month according to the excellent command which my master had given unto me.” And again, in the rocks in the valley of Hamamat, along which went the old Egyptian highway from Coptos on the Nile to the port of Berenice on the Red Sea, is an inscription which contains, among other things, a review of the number of men employed there in constructing it, among whom are a troop of eight hundred Hebrews under the escort of Egyptian soldiers of the police of Libyan descent, called *mazai*.

Two things, therefore, may be considered established: first, that the Egyptian records name Ramses as the builder of the cities of Pithom and Ramses; and secondly, that the same records speak of the Hebrews in a way to indicate that their position in respect to the building of these cities was that of forced laborers under police superintendence. Now, in the Bible, the builder of Pithom and Ramses appears at once as an oppressor of the children of Israel and as a new king in Egypt who knew not Joseph; a fact which shows that Joseph could never have come to the court of an Egyptian Pharaoh, but must have been taken up by one of their Semitic conquerors in the Delta, who, as we have seen, lived at Avaris-Tanis, and thence governed the country as far as Memphis and Heliopolis.

After the liberation of their country from these usurpers, the Pharaohs of Egyptian race could have had no feeling for the kindred of the latter; and for three hundred years, therefore, they oppressed them grievously, their oppression reaching its culmination under Ramses II. and his successor. The birth of Moses falls, as we have said, under Ramses II.; and under his successor, whom the monuments call Menephtes, occurred the exodus when Moses was eighty years of age. If, therefore, Menephtes reigned twenty years, as the Egyptian lists of kings state, Moses would have been born about the sixth year of Ramses, which corresponds with the statement in the Bible that the building of Pithom and Ramses occurred in the first year of Ramses II.

The building of these cities, it must be added, had a strong political motive at the bottom, for they were not merely designed as a defence against inroads from Canaan, but as centres whence to afford means to keep down their own subjects, penetrated with the restless Semitic spirit, as is manifest from the treaty found inscribed on one of the walls at Thebes, made between Ramses II., in the twenty-first year of his reign, and Chetasar, king of the Hittites, which contains, among other things, the following clause: “If the subjects of King Ramses come over to the king of the Hittites, the king of the Hittites is not to receive them, but to compel them to return to the king of Egypt”—words which may serve to throw light upon the confession of Pharaoh in the Bible: “Come on, let us deal wisely with them [the Hebrews]; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land” (*Exod. i. 10*).

For it was not merely by military measures that the Pharaohs undertook to keep down their turbulent Semitic population; they resorted to other less cruel,

more insidious, devices. According to the ancient belief, the gods of various countries were in fact the same, though designated by different names. Ramses availed himself of this fact, and offered sacrifices to the god of the strangers, to Baal-Sutech, and erected temples to him in the old Semitic city of Tanis (the Zoan of the Bible), relics of which have been discovered in modern times; for it was in Tanis that the calf of Baal had remained from the days of the Semitic protectors of Joseph. The colossal sitting statue of Ramses in Bashin is the one which he caused to be made for this very temple, and must, therefore, have been seen by Moses, for the Bible mentions Zoan-Tanis as the place where, at the command of the Lord, Moses worked his wonders (*Psalm* lxxviii. 12, 43). And still more did Menephtes, the Pharaoh of the exodus, resort to these acts of conciliation. Too weak to domineer, as his ancestors had done, he contented himself with inscribing on his banner, in the designation of himself, the words "The adorer of Sutech-Baal, of Tanis;" and even went so far in his attempt to quell the Semitic uproar, which was ever threatening him, as to represent the god Baal on the back of one of his own colossi, together with his own son as the priest of Baal.

Touching the Egyptian origin of the name of Moses, says Brugsch, there can be now but one opinion. The monuments make mention of several persons who bore the name of *Mas* or *Massu*, a word signifying "the child;" among others, one of the governors of Ethiopia, under the Pharaoh of the exodus, with whom, indeed, Josephus seems to have confounded Moses the lawgiver, when he speaks of the latter as having led an Egyptian army to Ethiopia in his youth, and having penetrated to Meroe, where he married the Egyptian princess Tharbis, who out of love to him had opened the gates of that city.

The whole legislation of Moses, it has often been remarked, shows the traces of his Egyptian origin; and there is one fact in relation to it mentioned by Brugsch which we do not remember to have met with before. The religious monuments of the Egyptians, whether stone or papyrus, bear testimony everywhere to the fact that the priests had originally a distinct conception, and taught the doctrine, of the unity of God; and that however much this doctrine may have been perverted afterward in the animal worship of the people, it was still preserved by the priests in their mysteries, and revealed to the initiated, but to them alone, although a dark allusion to it was made in the papyrus roll which was put into the mouth of the dead to accompany them to the grave. The name, however, of the *one God* was not mentioned in these rolls; it was only paraphrased with the words *nuk pu nuk*: "I AM THAT I AM"—words which recall at once the similar phrase in *Exodus* (iii. 14) with which God names himself to Moses and the children of Israel, and which, in their Hebrew form, *Jahveh*, mispronounced Jehovah, signifies the same as the Egyptian formula *nuk pu nuk*—"I am that I am."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ORBITAL AND AXIAL MOTIONS OF THE PLANETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
SIR: "Gravitas," in *The Round Table* of March 7, slightly misapprehends the second point in my letter headed *Newton's Inadvertencies*, and therefore does not quite allow it its due importance. What I deny is, not that gravity may accelerate a planet's velocity, but that it can increase a planet's centrifugal force. At the time of making the point I feared that it would not be understood without a diagram, with which, however, I hesitated to burden *The Round Table*; but I now feel justified in respectfully asking the insertion of the following:



The reader of course understands that A B represents a portion of the planet's orbit where gravity and the projectile force are acting at an acute angle. Newton now says to us: "Let us suppose, to begin with, that gravity would draw the body through C F in the same time that the projectile force would impel it through C D; at the end of the given time the planet will be at E. Then let us resolve the force C F into two others, C G and C H; the former of these will act along the tangent and increase the planet's centrifugal force." Of several conclusive objections which might be made to this I choose the simplest, and propose to show that Newton's conclusion or assumption is forbidden by his own hypothesis in the case.

For his hypothesis in the case is that we have here a definite force, C F, which produces a definite result, pull-

ing the body through a given distance in a given time. Assuming that we have the right to resolve this force like an impulsive force, we have, at all events, in resolving it no right to diminish the object which the hypothesis for the case requires it to accomplish. That is, we have no right to represent one of the components as defeating or diminishing a result which, by the hypothesis, the whole force accomplishes; but by just so much as we represent one component thus we must represent the other as exerting a compensating influence in precisely the opposite direction. Thus, if C G accelerates the planet's orbital velocity, C H, as against C G, pulls the planet inward, not simply from the tangent but also from the curve; for the hypothesis is that these two components would bring the planet to F in the same time that the impulsive force would carry it to E. That is to say, in precisely the same degree in which C G drives the body in any other direction than F, C H neutralizes and defeats it. If this be not so, then gravity will not bring the planet to the point F, but to some other point in the same time in which the projectile force would carry it to E, which is contrary to the hypothesis. Consequently, the hypothesis renders it impossible for gravity to increase the centrifugal force. The two forces acting at an acute angle increase the velocity, but gravity, pulling all the time in the direction of the centre, does not and cannot increase the centrifugal force.

What, now, is the effect of this? Does it simply "show that Newton fell into inadvertence in regard to acceleration?" No, verily; but it is fatal to Newton's entire system by showing that he has no means of increasing the centrifugal force to offset the increase of gravity as the planet moves to its perihelion.

The case of a body swung round by a string, which "Gravitas" introduces, is not like that of a planet, because the position of the hand changes, while that of the sun relatively to the planet does not; but the two cases will be similar, and Newton's views be vindicated, if any one, keeping his hand in the same place and constantly shortening the string, will cause the body to recede from his hand.

In regard to the third point in the letter on *Newton's Inadvertencies*, it seems to "Gravitas" that I am "wholly in error." But if he will come and let us look a little deeper into this matter, I hope to show him that I am entirely in the right, and that any appearance to the contrary arose simply from the brevity and incompleteness of expression which the value of *The Round Table's* space required in regard to a somewhat intricate, and perhaps not generally interesting, subject. My point was, that when a body has moved for a single instant in a curve it will not fly off at a tangent, as Newton supposes, but will move for ever in a curve, because its particles move with different velocities. "Gravitas" admits that this would be the case if it were not for the axial revolutions of the planets; but he says that these restore the equilibrium of orbital velocities as among the particles. On the contrary, I affirm that the diurnal revolutions of the planets take place under and in subjection to the law that the particles of a revolving body move with different velocities.

At first sight, it seems easy enough to equalize the orbital velocities of a revolving body by means of a rotary motion; but no idea could be more delusive. Its plausibility arises entirely from a defective analysis and a consequent confounding of the planetary motions with others which are similar in appearance but totally distinct in principle; and I have no hesitation in affirming that it is simply impossible for a body to revolve in a curve under the influence of what we call central forces, unless its particles move with different velocities or the same particle moves with different velocities at different times according to its positions.

I scarcely know to what extent I ought at present to enter into this most important and interesting yet somewhat abstruse subject. But let us at least go into it far enough to get at some of its principles. First, then, this is true—that if we project a body in a right line with a rotary motion, and let the attraction of gravitation draw it into a curve, then, supposing the tendency of the particles to move with equal velocities to be irresistible, the axis of the body will have to be perpendicular to the plane of the orbit, or one or the other, or both, of two results will follow, to wit: either the cohesion of the particles will be broken or the axis of the body cannot remain at all times parallel to itself. For, at those points in the orbit where the poles are not equally distant from the centre of orbital motion—i. e. at the solstices—the circumpolar particles can maintain their equal velocity only by allowing the nearer pole, which, on account of the curvature of the orbit, has the shorter path, to advance in the orbit more rapidly than the remote one. And even then, notwithstanding this apparent compensation, it can be shown, by following out the movement, that the body would be broken up by the impossibility of equalizing the orbital velocities with a rotary motion not in the same plane as the orbital motion. But the most plausible case is where we project the particles with equal velocities, and then suppose them, by reason of the relative gain of distance by the particles nearest the centre of orbital motion, to assume a slow reverse rotation around an axis perpendicular to the orbit. The first question is, how we are ever going to have such a case as this? and the answer, strange as it may sound, is that we can have such a case only by violating the fundamental principles of Newton's philosophy. For, Newton says that gravity acts at all times in the direction of the centre and is proportional to the quantity of matter. Consequently, gravity will in a given time pull all

the particles of a body precisely the same distance toward the centre. The projectile force will not interfere with this tendency of gravity, because, among other reasons, the projectile force is precisely the same for all the particles. Nor will the inclination of the two forces to each other interfere with this tendency of gravity, because this inclination is the same for all the particles. Whence it is clear that gravity will, in any given time, pull all the particles the same distance toward the centre. True, gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance and draws the remote particles less strongly than the nearer ones; but this only strengthens our argument. For what we wish to come at is this, that gravity does not and never will, in a given time, draw the remote particles of a body further toward the centre than it draws the nearer ones in the same time. But when gravity begins to act on the body some of the particles are more remote from the centre of orbital motion than others are. Then, since gravity draws all the particles the same distance toward the centre in a given time, and since the projectile force in no way affects or modifies this tendency of gravity as among the different particles, it follows that in the case supposed the relative distances of the particles from the centre of orbital motion will remain for ever unchanged, and that the particle which was nearest at the beginning will be nearest at the end of any given time and in every part of the orbit. Consequently, not only is any reverse rotation impossible, but other and most important consequences follow. The hypothesis of a right-line projective and its necessary adjunct of equal velocities has brought us into the strangest of dilemmas, and where we find equal absurdities on every side. That is to say, if the body was projected in a right line, its particles of course had equal velocities; and if the particles had equal velocities, they had equal projectile forces when gravity began to act; and the equality of the projectile forces would prevent the least interference with the tendency of gravity to draw the particles the same distance in any given time; and from this it follows that at the end of any given time the once nearest particle is still the nearest. But if at the end of any given time the once nearest particle is still the nearest, then the hypothesis being that the body has described a curve, while the particles have had the same velocity, they have described unequal arcs, which is absurd. Of course, the conclusion follows, with overwhelming force, that it is impossible to suppose that the planets were projected in right lines, and consequently they must have been projected in curves; but we have not now time and space to develop this branch of the subject.

For yet another reason is it clear that neither the reverse rotation above supposed nor any other sort of rotation can permit the particles of a revolving body to move with the same velocity at all times. This reason is, that the line of mean orbital velocity does not divide a revolving body equally. Since this line is at all times equally distant from the inner and the outer edge of the orbit, it curves through the body in such a way that, while it bisects the axis, it touches at but a single point a plane which divides the body equally, and dips away from this plane at precisely the same rate at which the orbit departs from a straight line. Consequently, each particle will be above the line of mean velocity longer than below it, and a greater number of particles will at all times be above this line than below it, and the excess in either case will be measured by the dip of the line of mean velocity—that is to say, by the curvature of the orbit. But by just so much as the necessities of the orbital motion require each particle to be above the line of mean velocity longer than below it, and by just so much as a greater number of particles must be above this line than below it, by so much does the rotary motion fail to equalize the velocity of the particles about the line of mean velocity when the body is moving in a curve. Whence it is clear that, relatively to the centre of orbital motion, the particles when above the line of mean velocity will lose angular distance at such a rate that their mean angular velocity will be the same as if they moved in right lines, and therefore their mean motion will actually be in right lines. In other words, we have in point of fact no orbital motion at all, but rectilinear motion. So long as the body moves in a right line, its particles move with the same velocity; and for precisely the same reason—to wit, because the motion of a body is the resultant of the motions of its particles—so long as the particles of a body have the same velocity, the body will move in a right line and without change of direction. Now, the only way in which any body can change direction without fracture is for all the particles to change direction at the same instant, for otherwise their relative distances would be disturbed. No rotary motion can modify this necessity; for whatever may be the position of the particles, whether inside or outside, up or down, they must all change direction at the same instant, and the rotary motion itself must yield to this necessity or wrench the body asunder. But when the particles of a body all change direction at the same instant, and in such a way that their relative distances shall not change, those which are furthest out in the direction from which the change is made have the longest lines to traverse in the same time, and hence must move fastest. Consequently, in order that any body moving under the influence of gravity and a projectile force may change its direction, some of its particles must move faster than others. But when a body is revolving in a curve it changes its direction constantly. Therefore, some of its particles are at all times moving faster than others. But when this is the case the body no longer has nor can have a right-line

tendency, because a right-line tendency can exist only when the particles have the same velocity. Consequently, Newton's assumption of a right-line tendency in all matter must go for nothing in connection with the planetary motions, because this right-line tendency itself must be destroyed as a necessary *à priori* condition to orbital motion, and the orbital inertia of the body cannot restore a tendency the destruction of which was necessary to its own existence.

Again, since the motion of a body is the resultant of the motions of its particles, it follows that the direction in which a body will move when acted on by one or by many forces is always such that the cross products of the average velocities and the quantities of matter on opposite sides of the line of mean velocity must be equal—that is, $Q \times v = q \times V$. But when all the particles move with the same velocity, the average of all the velocities on both sides of the line of direction will be the same, and consequently the quantity of matter on either side must be the same—which means that whenever the particles of a body move with the same velocity the body can move in no direction but a straight line perpendicular to its axis. And for this reason, again, orbital motion is impossible where all the particles of a body have at all times the same velocity.

But lest this general reasoning should fail to satisfy some one, let us observe the actual motions of the particles when we project them in the orbit with the same velocity. Those which are nearest the centre of orbital motion must gain relatively on those which are more remote, and so move to the front, until they reach the line of mean orbital velocity. The moment they pass that line they must begin to lose distance or relatively recede in the orbit. But owing to the curvature of the orbit the particles reach the line of mean orbital velocity before they have rounded the bulge of the sphere, and are now in this dilemma: the requirement of the rotary motion is that they shall still move to the front, but the requirement of the orbital motion is that they shall begin to fall to the rear. The two conditions are incompatible, and the stronger tendency must prevail. If the tendency of the particles to move with equal velocity is irresistible, the body will be broken up, and if the cohesion of the particles is irresistible they must begin to move with unequal velocities.

I intended to show further in this letter, by an inspection of the actual motions of the heavenly bodies, that these all obey the general law of orbital motion to which I have so often referred; but I have occupied space enough. I hope I have convinced "Gravitas" that his objection to my third point should be withdrawn. If I have not been so happy as to do this, the fault has been in me, not in my position. For the three points stated in my former letter—to wit: 1, That no impulsive force can counterbalance gravity; 2, That gravity can never increase the centrifugal force; 3, That inertia would cause a revolving body to move for ever in a curve—are not only the simplest and surest of truths, but are utterly fatal to the received theory of the planetary motions.

Since the foregoing was written, I have read with emotion H. N. P.'s note in *The Round Table* of March 14. I hope to be pardoned for speaking of myself long enough to say that my utterance is limited simply by my opportunity, and that I should gladly avail myself of any feasible, effective, and strictly becoming means of teaching what I am persuaded is the true system of the physical universe. But the practical—practical always means pecuniary nowadays—difficulties in the way are not easy of solution, and I shall never desert either my principles or my self-respect in attempting to overcome them. Very respectfully,

THE AUTHOR OF *Prometheus in Atlantis*.

MARCH 17, 1868.

GOVERNOR FENTON'S PARDONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: With your usual impartiality, I am sure you will allow me to make a few objections to the position you take upon the question of Ketchum's pardon:

1. Here is one young man out of four millions of persons in this state whose case receives much attention from the press as one of great hardship. Why should this single case of suffering excite all this interest? He has been convicted of a foul crime and is serving out the punishment prescribed by law. He is shut up, is said to be at very light labor, and his family are not suffering, for they have friends who can maintain them in luxury. How many men are there in prison for less crimes whose families are by their imprisonment left without support? Why such interest in this one case of light misfortune to a guilty man, when thousands of innocent persons are suffering, and suffering the evils of poverty because they will not yield to temptation and steal? Thousands in this city go daily to the prisons to get their breakfast from public charity, and yet do not forge nor steal.

2. If, as you say, the punishment of Ketchum is "inhuman," then the law which prescribed his punishment and the court which sentenced him is responsible for the inhumanity, and not Governor Fenton. He did not convict him nor sentence. There is no obligation on the governor to review all the criminal decisions of the courts. The pardoning power is given to him that he may relieve cases of great hardship; such as those where men have been convicted by false or doubtful testimony, or where the temptation has been great and the wrong done a slight one. A few years ago a poor boy forged a check for fifty dollars

and was convicted. It was found he had got the money and applied it to the wants of a bed-ridden mother and a sick sister. He was pardoned. Is there any comparison between his case and that of Ketchum, who and whose friends had never known the want of anything of comfort in life?

3. Thousands of respectable names to his petition count nothing. By personal influence you can get a petition signed for anything. The man who signs that petition acts under no official responsibility. The court and jury which convicted and sentenced were the responsible bodies under the law to decide the case, and the governor is the responsible person to judge of the propriety of a pardon. To assail his motives when it is known that he has resisted a very heavy pressure of his personal and political friends in this matter is absurd and unfair.

4. In aristocratic England the axe of justice falls just as sharp upon criminals in high life as on those in low life. If it do not so here, then aristocratic institutions are better than democratic for the great end of government, enforcing impartial justice among men.

5. The men who suffered by Ketchum's forgeries have no more right to speak in this matter than others. He was not punished because he happened to rob them. He was punished because he committed a crime against the community. Perhaps they have got their money back; perhaps not; whether they have or not, the law does not punish in order to restore their money, but in order to make an example of the guilty man which shall deter others from like crimes. Neither the individual criminal nor the individual victims of his crime are of any great importance in the question; the interests of the community should prevail, and those require not only that the guilty, be they high or low, should be punished, but that all men should feel confidence in the law and its agents as an impartial instrument of justice which is no respecter of persons. S.

[Our correspondent's last two points seem the essential ones. The sufferers, we think, are the persons to be most attentively listened to, not because they have claims for satisfaction, but because they would naturally be at once the most familiar with the details of the case and the most cautious in admitting condonation. And the example has already been made as effectual as continued punishment could make it. The acquittal of Ketchum would have been a great misfortune—chiefly because, in view of his friends' wealth and social position and influence, it would have fortified the impression which obtains, not without reason, that justice here is not characterized by the even-handedness mentioned in S.'s fourth point. But to us it seems that Governor Fenton's course is not due to even-handedness. Without touching upon points where the now Governor is particularly vulnerable, it is sufficient to remind our correspondent that he has been shown to have used the pardoning power lavishly in favor of confirmed miscreants familiar with prison walls, convicted of the vilest crimes, and whose return to society is a public calamity; and that there is no small room for the belief that his present inaction is largely due to the presumed applause to be won among the lower social strata by a refusal to relax the sentence of one fallen from a level higher than their own.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.*

AT the present time, when the Christian Church is agitated by endless controversies, and assailed by scepticism and cold infidelity; when the pens of theologians, philosophers, and men of science are used as implements of intellectual warfare; when practical utility is firmly opposed to spirituality and mysticism; it becomes the duty of those who believe in and desire the perpetuity of the Catholic Church to revive the memory of those holy men, those noble ornaments of our common Christianity, whose high destiny it has been to instruct, to govern, and to bless their fellow-creatures. Keen men of the world are so intent upon what is close to them that they require now and then to be reminded of the distant past, and called to consider its bearing upon the future; and to them, as well as to their more contemplative brethren, a life of one of the heroes of the faith in remote times should be full of interest. St. Francis was born to wealth and position, the child of a doting father, who knew no greater joy than to see his son the loved companion of young nobles, joining in their revels and squandering so much of his wealth that men wondered at old Bernardone's extreme indulgence; and yet, in early manhood he cast away all the luxuries and what he had hitherto considered the adornments of life, and devoted himself heart and soul to the service of God. His father's indignation knew no bounds, and he endeav-

* *The Life of Saint Francis of Assisi, and a Sketch of the Franciscan Order.* By a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares. New York: P. O'Shea, 1867.

ored to have his son imprisoned for appropriating his money to the use of the Church. Through the advice of the Bishop of Assisi the old man's property was restored, and Francis

"immediately arose, and, burning with a heavenly inspiration, he exclaimed, 'My lord, I will give him all that is his, even my very clothes.' Then casting off his garments, and retaining only his hair shirt, he laid them at his father's feet, crying out, 'Peter Bernardone, until now I have called you my father; henceforth I can truly say, Our Father who art in heaven! for He is my wealth, and in Him do I place all my hope.' The spectators and the venerable bishop were moved to tears. Covering him with his own mantle, the saintly prelate pressed him to his heart, and assured him of his continual love and protection. An old garment, which had been worn by a laborer in the bishop's service, was brought, and Francis clothed himself in it with joy, first making a large cross on it with some mortar that was at hand. It was in the year 1206, and in the twenty-fifth year of his age, that he thus proclaimed himself the lover, and commenced as the apostle, of poverty."

Bossuet says of him that he was the most ardent and enthusiastic lover of poverty who had ever appeared in the Church. Notwithstanding an almost unconquerable repugnance to approaching those who were afflicted with leprosy—a disease common in the middle ages—he devoted a great portion of his time to their cure, and set an example which was followed by St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Louis of France, and many illustrious devotees. Numerous legends are related in connection with this period of St. Francis's life, supplying lessons to those who love their fellow-beings, and seek for spiritual strength and sustaining aids to faith. In 1208 St. Francis and two of his disciples took up their abode in a small hut near Assisi, and there these three poor men, whose souls were getting further daily from the earth and losing as much as possible consciousness of this world in their aspiration for the next, laid the foundation of an order which subsequently ranked among its numbers the great and powerful of all nations—pontiffs, kings and statesmen, priests and martyrs. The order was speedily recognized by the Holy See, convents and monasteries sprang up with amazing rapidity, and St. Francis deemed it necessary to found a second order—that of the Poor Ladies—of which St. Clare was the first abbess. She was of noble birth and heiress to great wealth, but from childhood she devoted herself to the care of the poor, and shunned the pleasures and recreations common to her age and station. During the season of Lent, in 1212, her future vocation became apparent to her through the inspired teachings of St. Francis. She proposed to aid him in the work he had so nobly commenced, and she was soon after joined by a younger sister:

"Francis then placed the sisters at St. Damian's. It will be remembered that he had already predicted the establishment of a society of holy women in that place. Many were now found desirous to imitate the heroic example of those first female disciples of poverty, and before the close of the year Clare found herself abbess of a considerable community. In this office, which she accepted with the greatest reluctance, and only in obedience to the command of Francis, her character shone forth with singular beauty. Perhaps few superiors have ever governed with such wise and gentle love, and such deep humility. She made her office a pretext for humiliations. No employment was too lowly for this young maiden, who had been reared in all the luxury and refinement of a noble family. Once, when washing the feet of a lay-sister who had just returned from a weary day's questing, the foot which she held in her hand was accidentally withdrawn, and as accidentally she received in this way a violent blow in the face. Neither disconcerted nor displeased, Clare calmly and tenderly pressed her lips to the foot which had been unwittingly the cause of her pain, and continued her pious occupation. Her austerities have seldom been equalled, and they were as frequent as they were painful to flesh and blood."

Through northern Italy, over the Alps, St. Francis journeyed, accompanied by several of his friars, preaching everywhere on their way, and converting multitudes by his great teachings, his lofty maxims, his sublime spirit of Christianity, wherein meekness and love of truth sustained each other. Yielding to inspiration rather than trusting to subtle but inadequate reasonings, supplying the defects of argument by faith, he taught those doctrines which a nature worthy of immortality felt to be true.

With the intent to reach Morocco, and with the hope of gaining there a crown of martyrdom, St. Francis went to Spain, where he was received with joyful enthusiasm, and in many of the towns through which he passed religious houses were established in commemoration of his visit. It was a period at which monasteries and convents were of especial use, not only as refuges for the stricken in spirit, who there might enjoy the peaceful, calm, soul-subduing silence of conventual seclusion, but as impregnable retreats for learning, art, and piety, amid fierce strife and feudal oppression. On the return of St. Francis to Italy,

"His first anxiety was to know if all had gone on well in his absence his second, to hear of the friars whom he had sent to Mount Alvernia. Peter of Catania, it will be remembered, had been appointed vicar-general of the order. This good brother, with more zeal than discretion, had erected a large and (for those times) almost magnificent convent. Francis was much displeased when he saw it; and by no means satisfied with his excuse that it was designed for the accommodation of the numerous strangers who resorted thither. 'Brother Peter,' exclaimed the Saint, 'this house is to be the model for all others of the order. Poverty is our rule, and those who visit, as well as those who dwell here, must learn to bear its inconveniences. Beside, the brethren in other places may take example from it, and their visitors will everywhere expect to be as commodiously provided for.'"

In 1221 St. Francis established the third order, or the Order of Penitents, the rule of which expressly commands the restoration of all goods unjustly acquired; reconciliation with those with whom a member may be at variance; a strict observance of God's commandments, and of the precepts of the Church and the rule, and the consent of a husband in case of a married woman's reception.

To understand the life of St. Francis, it is very necessary to know something of the particular character of the great events of the middle ages, when mankind was divided into three classes—those who fought, those who worked, and those who prayed. Appended therefore to the life of the *Padre Serafico*, the present volume contains a history of the Franciscan Order, which, beside an account of its foundation, its rules, and its missions, affords a comprehensive view of the state of Europe during the thirteenth century, and traces the progress of the order throughout the world, and also gives a concise narrative of the lives and acts of the illustrious men and women who belonged to it. In England the order was established shortly after the arrival there of Angelus and his brethren, who were sent by Saint Francis in 1219, and their first convent was founded at Canterbury. There is authority for stating that seventy-five Franciscan friars were at different times professors in the university of Oxford, and that the Franciscan colleges in the English universities furnished some of the most learned men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In Scotland the order was established during the life of St. Francis, and

"The order in Ireland was not less fruitful either in saints or martyrs; its foundations were no less munificent, its churches in many places even more stately, than in the English province. But they who would know what the Franciscan Order did and suffered in Ireland, must search the archives of its ancient convents on the Continent, where its records have been preserved when persecution drove the fathers from their own green isle to seek hospitality on foreign shores."

A brief history of the Church and of the Franciscan Order in the United Kingdom and Ireland is given with clearness and precision, accompanied by sketches of noted men who belonged to it; and in the succeeding chapter a name occurs which claims a more lengthy notice:

"If we except St. Bonaventura and St. Antony of Padua, few members of the Seraphic Order exercised on it an influence so extensive and beneficial as the great Cardinal Ximenes. He was born in 1437, at Torrigu-luna, in the province of New Castile, his family poor but of noble origin. Little is known of his early days, save that he was devout, studious, and scrupulously obedient to his parents. He was ordained priest in Rome, but on the death of his father he hastened home to assist and comfort his mother. Just as the most brilliant career of advancement, both literary and ecclesiastical, had opened before him, he turned from the attractive prospect, from fame, wealth, and advancement, to seek poverty and obscurity among the Franciscan friars of the Strict Observance. Here he not only practised all the austerities of the rule, but, with the permission of his superiors, added considerably to their rigor."

No country seemed too distant to penetrate, no enterprise too perilous for these devoted missionaries to undertake; in China, Tartary, and even to Japan, their great zeal and courage carried them.

"The celebrated Franciscan, William Rubricus, was the first to visit the vicinity of Japan, and give any information concerning that country. About the middle of the thirteenth century, still later, the illustrious traveller Marco Polo penetrated thither; yet it was not till 1542 that Japan was opened up to European commerce by the Portuguese. In 1549 St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, visited that country, and, meeting with a favorable reception, preached the Gospel with great fruit, though violently opposed by the Bonzes, who taking occasion of some changes in the commercial relations, which were unfavorable to the king, Saxuma, the latter prohibited the Saint from preaching, and decreed the exile of three of his Christian subjects who would not renounce the faith. However, the king was appeased, and this short persecution soon passed away. St. Francis visited Cangoxima, Firando, Meaco, and Amanguchi, and passing to the Indies stopped at Goa, to procure three of his brethren to continue the Japanese mission. The kings of Nangate, Omura, Bungo, and Arima sought baptism, and there were two hundred thousand Christians in Japan when those kings sent the famous embassy to Pope Gregory XIII."

Among the great and holy men of the Church none have more forcibly impressed themselves on the minds of their contemporaries and on the memory of posterity than St. Francis. He towered above the level of common men, and rose to an atmosphere which they were unable to breathe. Those most opposed to his faith and teaching are compelled to acknowledge his influence; and even Renan bears testimony to his greatness in these words: "Francis d'Assisi—that man of all the world who, by his exquisite goodness and his sympathy, delicate, refined, and tender with universal life, has most resembled Jesus—was poor." This volume bears evidence of that conscientious industry which alone can invest such a work with utility, and possesses, therefore, solid claims to a widely-spread and durable reputation.

WARREN OF BUNKER HILL.*

THE visitor in Boston may have sojourned at one of its principal hotels—the American House, in Hanover Street—without knowing that upon that spot

stood the mansion where an active young physician of the town, a hundred years ago, lived and entertained his friends, and sometimes in secret conclave furthered those schemes of defence and independence which a few years later, when brought to the arbitrament of war, caused him to be the most distinguished of its early martyrs. At the spot where he died, within the shadow of that lofty obelisk standing like a sentinel over harbor and town, the visitor may have marked the small granite block on which is inscribed *Here Warren Fell*. In the suburban municipality of Roxbury a modern stone villa upon the main thoroughfare, which perpetuates the martyr's name, bears on its walls a legend to show that the spot is consecrated as that whereon the family dwelling stood in which the child was born. More remote from the metropolis, in the midst of one of the rural cemeteries which are so numerous about Boston, rises a gentle eminence again associated with his name, and upon this lie buried his ashes in the fourth resting place that they have had. It was just as the book appeared of which we write that large crowds of the curious were drawn to an antiquated mansion within the limits of the same city of Roxbury, when the death of its last occupant—the widow of a man who was a pupil of Warren's and a surgeon on duty in the fight in which he fell, such a link between us and the distant past being so lately broken as a few months ago—threw open to public competition many relics interesting from association, and among them a piece of furniture which had been Warren's gift to Governor Eustis, while the latter was among his pupils; and the writer saw among the eager groups that collected about it the granddaughter of the man whose name gave it its only value.

These spots are among the few associated with the memory of a man who has become famous under a military title which he never won, and whose functions he never exercised. Plain Doctor Warren could have become Surgeon-General Warren by virtue of his profession and his merits, but he was made of sterner stuff; and though nobody may have believed him when he talked of dying up to his knees in blood, yet that was his determination as it was his end. So the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts recognized the combative instincts and made him a major-general at a jump. Three days later he went upon the field of battle, refused to outrank tried veterans of a lower grade, and died, musket in hand, fighting like a common soldier. It is as *General Warren* that he lives in history—a misnomer that has served to conceal his real character, and does not designate the circumstances of his death—the only incident, however important, of his military career.

It was to correct this impression that Mr. Frothingham, whose labors in this particular sphere of colonial history have been constant and of good repute, undertook the present work—if not with that intent, at least with that result. He has shown us that Warren's field of action, where he did most service, was very different from that upon which he yielded his life. It was by the hearthstone of those families whose physician he was; it was in the circle of those ardent spirits whose mate he was; it was in the conclaves of the Green Dragon Tavern, where he was a brother in counsel; it was in the Committees of Safety whose secretary he was; it was in the assembly of the province, where he was a leader in plan and resolve; in fine, it was in fashioning public sentiment, in arousing the popular will, in the determining and appointing of those things that ever worked onward to the grand consummation of all, that Warren showed his greatness and earned his claim upon future regard. His death, indeed, has given him a martyr's halo, but his life demonstrated a patriot's example.

The first commercial town in British America, with its eighteen thousand inhabitants, was Boston, when young Dr. Warren, completing his studies under the best preceptors, married, hired a house, and established himself in practice. Graceful in carriage, neat in person, cultivated in mind, frank and genial in his intercourse, profuse in his living, generous in his feelings, courageous by instinct and self-controlled by habit, he entered upon life. It was upon the eve of great events. Agitation arising from the colony's relations to the mother land was already rife. Gentlemen of his profession were almost in a body on the Tory side; but Warren felt other affiliations. Sam Adams, Otis, and Bowdoin were exemplars more after his mind. The small-pox happened to prevail, and a young man of about his own years applied to him for inoculation, and thus opened his acquaintance with John Adams. Then followed a pronounced adherence to the Whigs. There exists a long private letter, written to a friend in England, while the stamp act was un-

repealed, which foreshadows his future. It gave token of what was to be done by the vigorous young men of the town, who were looking to Samuel Adams as their favorite leader, should the colonists fail to receive their deserts. They relied upon agitation, and many of the sharp, pregnant sentences in the journals of the day, aimed to promote fellowship in the good cause, came from Warren's pen.

We have not space to follow Mr. Frothingham in a narrative, more particular than any before constructed, of the progress of the cause in the clubs, where much was done in secret; under Liberty Tree or in Faneuil Hall, where all was done openly. We cannot dwell upon the vacillating councils at the Province House, upon the final introduction of the hated troops, and the boiling of Warren's blood, until it all culminated in that moonlit, frosty night when the troops fired upon the populace, and the deaths of a few insignificant persons fired the provincial heart. The American Revolution began in the Boston massacre, or, if that event be viewed but as one of a procession of events, it was one that opened the future in a vista more clearly than anything before. It is little singular that two such important occurrences as this and that five years later upon Charlestown heights should have resulted so disastrously to the provincials and yet have been taken as the augury of good. The mere firing of Captain Preston's file of musketeers was provoked needlessly, as far as the immediate occasion went, and defensible; but it reflected back upon the government that employed him, and symbolized the determination of that government to be paramount to the rights of the colonies; and this gave a chance riot, by which a few lives were lost, a representative character wholly out of correspondence with the mere incident. It offered a ready example to the patriots of what they dreaded, and Warren was their chosen spokesman when the town commemorated its anniversary two years later.

It is needless to trace the progress of events so well known in outline, but now more minutely filled in than before by Mr. Frothingham's researches, and we recommend the volume to every student of our history. The author has investigated with thoroughness, and has been pondering upon the plan for years. His previous monograph on an episode of the earliest stage of our memorable contest for independence raised hopes that have not been disappointed, and the only fault we would find with the present book is an occasional awkwardness of expression—one confronts us in the very first page—and a tendency to turn his sentences with the quoted language of others destitute of authority, and whose expressions and opinions we would gladly cast aside for those which have his own better sanction.

There is but one point more on which we would touch. There is a current report, and one persistently broached among those who are prone to suspect a blemish where the glory is too garish, that Warren was intoxicated at the time of his death. The story has perhaps never been recognized in print, or at least we do not remember to have seen it, but private rumor and sly insinuation have fostered it in social circles about Boston. The proofs of it are but hearsay and tradition, and Mr. Frothingham has wisely ignored the whole matter. To have met it by denial would have brought upon him the burden of proof to the contrary, which can hardly exist in contemporary evidence, as no such charge was publicly made at the time. He could only point to the record Warren made on his last day, and there is little in that not significant of a man in his full senses. He was a courageous man by instinct, and under excitement it may have been carried to rashness. His friends thought his life too valuable to risk, and that it would be a poor exchange for the provincial Congress to lose its chairman for the sake of another musket in the fight. They knew, however, his determination to avoid no danger—that the cause might impose upon any of his countrymen. He had been ill with a severe headache all the morning when the word came to Cambridge from Prescott that he needed reinforcements; and, irritated perhaps at the dilatoriness of General Ward, he started himself at once. He ran the raking fire at the "Neck" and, met by the officers in command on the hill, he waived his rights as a superior in rank, sensible of his want of military training. All this was not characteristic of a man in liquor; and the most probable explanation of the charge is that the natural excitement of a temper always impulsive, and perhaps then bursting control, as well as a native courage that ran easily into rashness, may have conveyed a false impression to some who saw him, and whose recital has been so indis-

**Life and Times of Joseph Warren*. By Richard Frothingham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

triously cherished ever since by the suspicious in kind, aided, likewise, by the common desire of many to fancy themselves the depositary of historical secrets.

THE QUARTERLIES.

QUARTERLY REVIEW naturally suggests a periodical which shall present itself at the beginning of the quarter to which it belongs, inasmuch as it has no such presumable perishability as inspires the magazines to appear in season to reach the antipodes before their date, while the three months' interval ought certainly to give it time enough to be punctual. But after holding several of the quarterlies until their presence on our table conveys a reproach, several others still fail to come, and we shall no longer postpone the discharge of our duty toward those we have received.

The National Quarterly, as usual, is quite uneven in point of merit. It is a general, but not invariably, peculiarity in its internal economy to open with an article on a classical subject, and these articles are frequently very good. This time, accordingly, Epicurus is awarded the place of honor, and a valuable paper is devoted not to the whitewashing or inordinate eulogy of him and his philosophy, but still to an apologetic and highly laudatory disquisition, which will be read with both pleasure and instruction. Next comes a piece of padding, *English Newspapers and Printing in the Seventeenth Century*, a commonplace array of crude and undigested facts, which start from nowhere, end in nothing, and appear to be arranged quite fortuitously, as if a drawerful of "clippings" for some typographic journal had been printed in an order dictated by the printer's caprice, many of them being valuable, and the whole capable of reduction into the original scraps. Then we have a really valuable paper on the *Progress and Influence of Sanitary Science*, tracing it, chiefly with reference to the essential problem of sewerage, from its rise in Rome, through the experiments in London and Paris for the prevention of epidemy, and naturally terminating in the needs and dangers of New York. Science, in fact, rather preponderates, for, beside this article, we have very readable ones on *The Microscope and its Discoveries*, which contains a suggestion that the progress of Asiatic cholera accompanies the advance of myriad swarms of animalcular insects; *The Progress made by American Astronomers*, in some sort a continuation of the article on *Nebular Astronomy* in the last number; and *Supernatural Phenomena*, which bears a similar relation to last quarter's *Animal Magnetism*, with the difference that it lends a much more credulous ear to manifestations of magic and diablerie, which we shall not pooh-pooh, but which is too inexplicit as to its author's sympathy with the disciples of the black art, from Agrippa to Reichenbach. On more than one of these articles we might have dwelt with satisfaction, but we have hastened to arrive at two which we cannot pass without uplifting our testimony against them. The first, to be sure, is not positively obnoxious: it is on *The Venetian Republic and its Council of Ten*, and the gradual process by which the republic degenerated into an oligarchy, wielding the most despotic and bloody sway, is set forth so poorly that we should not pause upon it but for the presence—whether or not by interpolation we cannot determine—of some of those solecisms which make up the second. We do not enter a general complaint against the inclination, very seductive to many, to institute parallels between the career of other nations and our own; it is impossible, in fact, to read Macaulay's chapters on the Stuarts and the fanatics of their age without feeling that the same drama seems likely to be re-enacted for our behoof. But we do object to the constant infusion of this sneaking sort of thing—directed here ostensibly against Mr. William Carew Hazlitt—"he always tries to show that the Council of Ten and the Inquisitors of State were actuated by the noblest motives, just as some other writers are trying to show at the present moment how noble and grand are the motives of a certain other Council which is also destined to attain a certain kind of fame,"—which is of a piece with a clumsily managed vein of allusion throughout. Beside this there is in every number, in several places in this, and notably in the article to which we are now coming, what we can only describe as a greasy and Pecksniffian profession of impartial justice, whose gratuitous assertion is, to say the least, as false in point of taste as of judgment. "We are very unwilling to speak of the Congress of the United States as we feel its conduct deserves," says the editor in his article on the *Impeachment of the President*—throughout which, as elsewhere, he uses the *nos majestatum*, after the manner of rustic and religious editors, merely as a sort of magnified "I," and without the slightest notion of what it should signify. "We shall not speak of it, however, as a politician. We are actuated by no partisan feeling against the party in power; Radical, Republican, and Democrat are all the same to us, except so far as we think that one does better or worse than the rest,"—and so on. The purport of the article—so far as it has any, for it is entirely inconsequential—is obvious enough from these prefatory statements, and we need not say that that occasions us no regret. On the whole, we can perhaps in no way better set forth our grievance than by allowing the writer's own words to speak for him, merely premising that the list of them is taken from less than eight coarsely-printed pages of original matter, several of which are on subjects that do not admit of oburgation; in the remainder,

we find, connected with the Radicals, such imputations, descriptions, predications, etc., as are indicated by these citations:

Persecuted; insulted; vindictively prosecuting and persecuting; tyrannical; vindictive (*twice*); a body of vindictive partisans; partisans; mere partisans; fanatics; fanatically prejudiced; disgracefully interested; prejudiced and interested; notoriously prejudiced; oppressive; unprincipled and greedy demagogues; downright usurpation; infamy; narrow-mindedness; despotism; tyranny (*three times*); usurpation (*three times*); with a high hand; depth of meanness; disgraceful exhibition; disgraceful (*twice*); thieves, burglars, cut-throats; derision and mockery; odious; contempt.

Thrown around promiscuously, but not with exclusive reference to the Radicals, are:

Ignorant (*three times*); incompetent; reckless; vindictive; atrocious and silly things; tyranny (*twice*); fanatical; base; parcel of thieves and burglars; infamous causes; ignominious downfall.

Aside from the charms inherent in such a bar-room vocabulary as is indicated by the above, our editor carries his readers with him by artfully alluding to those who yield assent with such phrases as "every intelligent and calm mind," "no dispassionate mind capable of forming an intelligent opinion," "very few thinking men," "every intelligent person who is not prejudiced,"—whereas those who differ from him he masses as "numbers who consider themselves highly enlightened," with the same sense of having launched a withering sneer which theological controvertists enjoy when they have prefixed "so-called" to an attribute claimed by an opponent. The article is on the whole consistent with these sample chips. The construction of its sentences and disposition of pronouns is quite surprising.

"If Mr. Disraeli, the present Prime Minister," we read, *à propos*, of course, of Mr. Stanton, "informed the Secretary of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or any other member of his cabinet, that he wishes to dispense with his services, he would surrender his portfolio at once." As Mr. G. W. Moon did with a similar wonderful production of Dean Alford's, we should be obliged to have recourse to the formula for permutations and combinations to get at the number of possible meanings; but the obvious one is that, under the circumstances indicated, Mr. Disraeli would feel it incumbent upon himself to resign if he had asked a "member of his cabinet" to do so! There is plenty of this, but perhaps the most amusing instance is one at the outset (p. 373), where, by a combination of this peculiarity with the one already alluded to concerning the plural pronoun, after giving just reason why "we shall not put ourselves"—meaning Dr. Sears—"to the trouble in future" of quoting "Grotius, Puffendorf, Vattel, Kent, and Marshall" to convince the Radicals, the next sentence presents the spectacle of such writers warning "ourselves"—Dr. S.—against Congressional usurpation. We have further such verbal felicities as the use of *forbid* for *forbidden* (p. 378)—"we should be glad he would do so" (p. 380), the counterpart of the vilest of Yankeeisms, "I want you should do so"—"the world asks . . . what sense or consistency is there," etc. (p. 381)—and ever and anon this charming construction, "he," Mr. Johnson, "is . . . sought to be degraded" (p. 373), and "is not even pretended to have made any effort" (p. 381). We need not go further, though we imagine that whoever has the fortitude to scrutinize the invariable diatribe about insurance will find like gems galore. It is as unnecessary to say that the thought of the article is of a piece with its diction, consisting of platitudes worthy of a Philadelphia newspaper. It is because every number of the *Review* contains something like this in kind, if not always in degree, that we have dwelt so long upon the appearance in a quarterly of the sort of stuff which ought to be kept pent in the columns of the nauseous partisan press, and whose promotion to such dignified guise affords a greater incongruity than the spectacle of Sancho Panza in the governor's palace at Barataria.

The Southern Review, after this, affords as complete a transition as can be imagined from an atmosphere of coarse ill-breeding and vulgarity to one of scholarly refinement. The high tone and thorough learning which we noted when the last quarter's number made us for the first time acquainted with the new publication prove to be as permanent as they were surprising, and promise that in our quarterly literature the rivalry is to be between Boston and Baltimore. We find in the April number evident traces of the same hands that appeared in that for January. *The Nature of Civil Liberty*, for instance, which opens the number, we think we do not err in attributing to the same writer as J. F. Rousseau in its predecessor. At any rate, there is the same logic, wealth of knowledge, and strong while graceful style, and the same suggestiveness of truths which are of the first moment to our land and which yet cannot get themselves considered. To speculate again, though this time there is an allusion which fortifies our original conviction, for *Maximilian: his Travels and his Tragedy* we are indebted to the same gentleman who wrote last time on *The Emperor Julian*. With the ease and fluency of the South it unites the self-restraint of thorough scholarship, and is in every way a model piece of a very dangerous kind of writing—florid yet never lapsing into turgidity. It is rich in passages, both original and from the sprightly writings of the unfortunate Emperor, which we would fain quote, but we must be content to refer our readers to what, while touching lightly upon the history of Maximilian, gives more insight into his magnanimous and brilliant character than anything we have read. Very excellent and instructive, and extremely interesting withal, are the scientific articles—*The Earth and Earthquakes*, *The Evolution Hypothesis*, and *Anaesthesia*; too short to be satisfactory, or treat their subjects in any but the most

cursorial way, are *George Eliot as a Novelist and Gothic Architecture*, both of which terminate with surprising abruptness. Then, in quasi continuation of one of last quarter's papers, we have a slashing criticism of certain *School Readers* whose sectionalism and inaccuracy is sometimes keenly probed, and yet, though clever enough, the range is too microscopic to produce a pleasant effect. The history of the Missouri Compromise is written clearly and strongly, of course from a thoroughly Southern point of view, and at times degenerating into a warmth of feeling that leads to the assumption of untenable positions, but though its force is thereby weakened, it is perhaps none the less profitable reading on that account. Not so lightly is to be passed the article on *Federal Policy and Northern Prisons*. We can grant to our Southern countrymen that they have much to say which will be new to Northern readers,—that while the horrors of Andersonville have been depicted in the strongest light, the explanations and causes which mitigate, but not condone, are little known; that there may be much suppressed by the influence of officials in high position that, if exposed, should shift much of the guilt and odium; that in Northern prisons there may exceptionally have been brutalities and indefensible abuse of prisoners. But that the case was such as is here represented, we know in many instances to be contrary to fact, and know the general drift to be unjust. Without larger and more precise information on the subject than we possess we cannot undertake the task of refutation. But the gravely made and strongly supported charges—which, we have reason to know, are generally believed in the South—ought to be met with a specific array of facts. The circumstance that there are statements in the article thoroughly at variance with fact is not sufficient to justify its being passed in silence, and both for the national vindication in cases where it is possible, and in the interest of justice and historical truth, it is time that full light were poured upon this darkest passage of the war and of the national annals. The book notices, few and brief but well done, and *Salem Witchcraft*, a narrative following Mr. Upham's chronicle of this oft-told and most dismal outburst of the spirit of Puritanism, complete the number.

The American Law Review, this quarter, has little or nothing in its pages to alter the views expressed in our notice of the last two numbers. The articles are fully up to, and not above, the tide-water mark of the *Review*. The most generally interesting, perhaps, is the one on the *Legal-tender Acts*, and the most lawyerlike that on the *Liability of Common Carriers beyond their own Route*. But for the *Digest* we have, as before, nothing but unqualified praise. It is the best in America—full, select, and pertinent—and evidently prepared by practical men, who know what a practising lawyer really wants. About the book notices, too, we remark the same gentlemanly acumen that has become a characteristic of *The Law Review*. It also contains a sort of synopsis of the impeachment trial, which especially commends itself to professional readers as a substitute for the long-winded reports in the daily papers, by the guarantee it gives them that no essential legal points will be omitted. Another merit—a uniform one, it would seem, with this quarterly—is its accounts of great lawyers and its lively interest in the prominent men of the bar to-day, both here and in England. Altogether, the April number wins from us no mean praise when we say that it is up to the reputation and standing of the two issues preceding it, and constituting, thus far, the second volume of what we cannot but consider the most observant and temperate law journal in America.

The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine merits still the commendations that, both by the profession and the general public, have been so widely bestowed upon it. The first article in the present number, *The Law of Human Increase*, discusses a question of profound interest to us all, and from a point of view which should attract much attention. It were difficult in the contracted limits at our disposal to set forth this subject with the fulness its importance deserves; yet we will endeavor briefly to convey some notion of it. Dr. Allen, the author, is of the opinion that the over-education, generally speaking, of New England women and their abstinence from domestic service and the forms of physical labor incident thereto, are doing more to produce the physical degeneration of New Englanders than any circumstances of diet or climate. The degeneration in question is now so manifest as to be generally admitted, but opinions have naturally varied as to its causes. The explanation of the present writer is supported by many arguments, some of which will provoke dissent, but all of which are ingeniously urged. For our own part, we have never doubted that the prime condition of a healthy state is that the great mass should labor with their bodies and only the limited few with their minds. Mankind in general will not take the exercise which is, however, essential to healthful development and procreation, except made under the strongest stimulant, namely, the necessity of existence. The intellectual classes of all countries require continual recruiting from the animal strata below. Perhaps the finest privileged class the world has seen is the aristocracy of England, and it has been constantly reinforced in the manner we suggest. If a large proportion of American men and women were forced to physical labor by the absence of our large immigrant classes, it would undoubtedly be productive of great benefit to our race. As it is, we are dying out of too much strain upon the nerves, too little exercise of the mus-

cles, and too luxurious living; or rather, the living is too luxurious among the more refined and too unwholesome among the other classes. The idea that all are to be relieved from physical toil, like the analogous one to be assumed fit to decide the most profound and difficult questions of politics and sociology, will not work in practice. It is inconsistent with the Creative scheme, and the penalties that attend our efforts to carry it out are becoming tangible enough, even in so short a time as a couple of generations, to show that man, however aspiring and democratic, cannot circumvent his Maker. There are several other interesting articles in this number of *The Psychological Journal*, including a paper by Mr. Simon Stern and contributions from the indefatigable and learned pen of the editor.

LIBRARY TABLE.

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE; or, A Night at the Vatican. By the late John Fisher Murray. With Illustrative Engravings. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1868.—If, in the absence of any extant American edition of *Father Tom*, we were called upon to select a competent editor, we think we should choose Dr. Shelton Mackenzie as the man best qualified by birth and literary training for the task. There is about the book, in its spontaneous wit and rollicking humor, a certain subtle, racy, national flavor that only an Irishman can thoroughly appreciate and enjoy. Yet the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and Dr. Mackenzie, despite his natural aptitude and advantages, has, it seems to us, scarcely succeeded as well as Mr. Cozzens. Doubtless the latter's priority in point of time greatly restricted his successor in his prefatory notice, but this can scarcely account for the numerous typographical blunders which disfigure the Philadelphia edition, and which are the less excusable for the claim put forth by the editor in his preface, that "the text has been so carefully revised and corrected that it is believed no inaccuracy can be found in it." Yet, without professing to make a studied examination, we have detected more than forty "inaccuracies," some of them of the grossest description. Not only are words constantly misprinted, but in many cases misplaced or entirely omitted, while the punctuation is often of the most erratic description, and the intentional misspellings of the author are varied in a way which, without having seen the original text, we are sure it would not justify. "Real" is given at one time "real," at another "rale," at another "raal." "Lent" is "Lent" or "Lint," indiscriminately, and "controversy," "conthravary" or "conthrawary." Dr. Mackenzie has not even profited by Mr. Cozzens's mistakes, which were numerous enough—and some of which, if we mistake not, he himself pointed out—for we find more than one of them repeated—notably the misprint of "common mayur or a Prodesan squirean" for "common nagur of a Prodesan squirean." Dr. Mackenzie, too, is less fortunate than his predecessor in the appointments of his book, which is printed clearly on firm, white paper, but without any trace of that typographical elegance that distinguishes the New York edition, while the illustrative engravings that accompany and disfigure it are in Mr. Stephens's very worst style—which is saying a great deal—and suggestive rather of a school geography than of this classic of our humorous literature. We deem it a mistake to issue works like this, which appeal only to a very cultivated and limited taste, other than as *editions de luxe*, for admirers of cheap books would slight them for their contents, and lovers of rare ones for their dress. The value of the edition would be enhanced if Dr. Mackenzie had favored us more fully with his reasons for ascribing the authorship of *Father Tom* to the late John Fisher Murray, if he has any beside his belief in Mr. Murray's capability to have written it. In the face of Dr. Ferguson's letter acknowledging and claiming the authorship, which Mr. Cozzens publishes in the preface to his second edition, it seems somewhat hasty to dismiss that gentleman's pretensions, on no other ground than "that he was not a humorous writer." We shall be glad to know the basis of Dr. Mackenzie's belief, and trust he will not misconceive the spirit in which we have made our objections. There is no reason why an issue of this sort should not be perfect in point of typography, at least, and proof-reading, and the sooner all American publishers follow the laudable example of a few of their number in trying to overcome the habitual slovenliness of their printers and proof-readers, the better for the interests of literature.

Sacred Allegories. By the Rev. W. Adams, M.A., late Fellow of Morton College, Oxford. New edition, with illustrations. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons; New York: Pott & Amery. 1867.—There is no need at this late day to dwell upon the excellences of these tales, whose exquisite beauty has for many years impressed them upon the imagination and fancy, of young and old alike, as indelibly as the most popular of nursery legends. It was a happy thought to invoke into the service of religious instruction the charms of the picturesque and the supernatural, and so to invest with the attraction of the fairy tale these wonderfully simple and pure pictures of the Christian life. And so felicitously have the poetical and the didactic elements been blended, so universal is the appeal to the most uninformed as well as to the most refined and maturest intelligences, that these are fully worthy to be ranked with the great masterpiece of English allegory, with the difference that in them there is a delicacy of sentiment and

phrase which it would be unreasonable to exact from the sturdy author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. In this estimate we mean to include other stories which we do not find in the dainty and well-illustrated little volume before us. Its contents are *The Shadow of the Cross*, *The Distant Hills*, *The Old Man's Home*, and *The King's Messengers*. From internal evidence—for if we have ever had precise knowledge of their authorship we have now forgotten it—we assume that we are indebted to the same pen for *The Combatants*, *The Revellers*, *The Midnight Sea*, and perhaps others that we do not now recall. Anyhow, the last named are quite the equals of those included in the little book before us, and ought to be given in a companion volume, when the two should be added to the library of every Christian family, certainly of every Sunday-school. They offer a delightful contrast to the orthodox biographies of the pious but physically unsound little prig who attains an impossible pitch of perfection and incontinentally realizes the wish

—"to be an angel
And with the angels stand."

and, although there is an unmistakable impress of the Church of England upon them, we do not think they contain a line that need offend the most ardent devotee, whether of Roman or Geneva or of any intermediate theology.

Grandpa's House. By Helen C. Weeks. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.—This is a pretty little book which seems to have strayed from the crowd of Christmas offerings for young folk, and to have waited for a convenient moment at which to make its appearance in a quiet, unobtrusive way, when the contents of Santa Claus's more gorgeous gifts have been exhausted. It presents some pleasant little sketches of child-life, and well deserves a cordial welcome.

The Spirit of Seventy-Six; or, The Coming Woman. A Prophetic Drama. Followed by *A Change of Base*, and *Doctor Mondschlein*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.—It is scarcely fair to judge by the rules of strict dramatic criticism a play professedly "not written for the stage, nor with any view to publication, but simply for amateur performance;" and aside from this, the three pieces in the present volume have sufficient merit to entitle them to very favorable notice. *The Spirit of Seventy-Six* is a rather clever satire on woman's rights, and represents the possible state of affairs eight or ten years from now when Mrs. E. Cady Stanton shall have brought about her projected Revolution and female suffrage put woman in all the offices of state. The idea is ingeniously evolved, and many of the situations quite humorous. The second illustrates the dangers of falling in love by letter, and the third, which is in some respects the most effective of all, turns on a jealous husband's mistake about his wife's avowed passion for *The German*. In all the plot is extremely slight, but the dialogue is sprightly, the characters are drawn with considerable skill, and the pieces are well adapted for purposes of amateur theatricals.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The Old Man's Secret. After the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. C. Wister. Pp. 297. 1868.
MARTIN R. DENNIS & Co., Newark, N. J.—New Jersey and the Rebellion: A History of the Services of the Troops and People of New Jersey in aid of the Union Cause. By John Y. Foster. Pp. viii, 827. 1868.
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia.—Nearing Home. Comforts and Counsels for the Aged. Pp. 44.
The Atonement. By the Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D. Pp. 440.
Oak-Mot. By the Rev. Wm. M. Baker. Pp. 226.
JOEL MUNSELL, Albany.—The American Genealogist. By William A. Whitmore. Pp. vi, 287. 1868.
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures: The Two Epistles of Paul to the Thessalonians. By John Peter Lange, D.D. Translated from the German, with additions, by John Lillie, D.D. Pp. xiii, 163, iv, 120, 31, 220. 1868.
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—The Mexican; or, Love and Land. By John M. Dagnall. Pp. 228. 1868.
WILLIAM WHITE & Co., Boston.—Memoranda of Persons and Events. By A. J. Davis. With an Appendix. Pp. 438.

PAMPHLETS.

LORING, Boston.—Loring's Tales of the Day: Kitty's Class Day. By Louisa M. Alcott. Pp. 12.
J. W. BOUTON, New York.—Catalogue of a Magnificent Private Library for sale by J. W. Bouton. Pp. iv, 164. 1868.
ROBERT M. DE WITT, New York.—De Witt's Acting Plays: No. 12. A Widow Hunt. By J. Stirling Coyne. Pp. 38.—No. 14. No Thoroughfare. By Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Pp. 39.—No. 15. Milky White. By H. T. Craven, Esq. Pp. 27.—No. 21. Play. By T. W. Robertson. Pp. 38.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 349.
Freudergast's Mastery Series. German, pp. 98; French, pp. 115; Handbook, pp. 92.
We have also received current numbers of The North British Review (reprint), National Quarterly Review, Little Musical Gazette—New York; American Law Review, The Monthly Journal—Boston; Friend's Review—Philadelphia; The American Freemason—Cincinnati; The Pantomimic Teacher—Camden, N. J.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LA BELLE HÉLÈNE.

WHEN Mr. Bateman first earned our gratitude by introducing to our admiration the all-novel charms of *La Grande Duchesse*, delight was tempered a little by dejection at the thought that there might come a time when even this fresh and unwonted pleasure would begin to pall. We get tired so rapidly of every entertainment which appeals to any great degree of artistic appreciation or æsthetic perception; we got tired of Mr. Dickens, we got tired of Madame Ristori, we should have got dreadfully tired of Italian Opera if fashion had not stepped in to forbid

it, and to insist that we should listen and not understand, and pretend to be as little bored as possible. To be sure, fashion and novelty both combined to aid Mr. Bateman in his rather daring enterprise; but novelty is evanescent and fashion is capricious, and so in the midst of ecstasy we could not help chewing the cud of bitter fancies over dim foreshadowings of an hour when the sparkling *Ballade à Boire* should cease to enliven and the *Can-Can* should lose its charm. And then, we cried in the bitterness of our souls, what shall console us for this vanished illusion; where shall we look upon its like again? That *La Grande Duchesse* could be surpassed we of course regarded as preposterous; that it could even be equalled we mournfully considered extremely improbable. Not even Offenbach's whimsical genius could reproduce, we thought, the delightful grotesquerie of its music, the delicious absurdity of its plot, nor invent other rôles which should fit the peculiar talents of Mr. Bateman's company with such marvellous exactness. Yet, having once looked upon perfection, how could we stoop to witness any less degree of excellence; or how endure in our days of weariness what might not have satisfied our fleeting time of zest? So we inwardly lamented and grumbled and questioned with ourselves, until behold! Mr. Bateman, without waiting the shocks of change and chance, boldly takes time by the forelock and answers us with *La Belle Hélène*. The poor Duchess is ignominiously shelved, and in a day almost forgotten. *Le roi est mort! vive le roi!* The fickle public that crowded her *stances* and brought their offerings of garlands and greenbacks to her pretty feet now throng as gleefully to the levees of her rival and successor. The air that was wont to be resonant with the strident melody of the sabre is now joyous with every variation into which the fertile ignorance of the nocturnal whistler can distort the original and no doubt inferior tune of *Un galant homme* or *Le roi barbu*. Even our heels have caught the infection and refuse to move except under the inspiration of the reigning favorite; the beautiful Love-letter waltzes have made room on piano and orchestra and barre organ for the *Valses à la Belle Hélène*.

For more than a lonesome and lingering week we resolutely refused to do honor to this *parvenue*, to grace the triumph of this operatic upstart; true to our old love, we sternly stayed at home and mourned in secret and seclusion the disgrace of *Son Altesse*. We recalled her charming coquetties, her winning capriciousness, her delicious abandon; we dwelt upon the droll self-sufficiency of Fritz, the still more comical inanity and graceful imbecility of Prince Paul; we smiled again, through tears, at the aimless bluster of General Boum, the servile officiousness of Baron Puck; we admired, once more, the inimitable bow of the diplomatic Grog, the military alertness of the sudden Népomuc. We thought of all these past delights, and then we mourned afresh; like Rachel, we refused to be comforted. But at last curiosity overcame resentment; we went to glory in Offenbach's decadence, to revel in Bateman's ineffectual remorse; we went to scoff—and, shall we confess it? remained not exactly to pray; there are better places for one's orisons than the Opera Bouffe—but at least to admire and applaud. Like General Butler, in his favorite travesty of Julius Cæsar, we went, we saw, and were conquered! Hereafter her Highness can claim but a divided allegiance; we rival Paris himself in his devotion to *La Belle Hélène*.

There is by this time no reasonable doubt that the new opera is a decided success, and we may congratulate Mr. Bateman on a second triumph over difficulties that would have disheartened any less energetic and skilful impresario. The probabilities are that *La Belle Hélène* will have as long a lease of public favor as her fascinating predecessor. At least everybody says so—and as everybody said quite the contrary before it was produced, we take it for granted that everybody is right. There is no reason, indeed, why it should not succeed. As a spectacle it is perhaps superior to the Grand Duchess; the gay variety of the costumes makes a picture full of warmth and life and color, and the admirable manner in which the piece is mounted and costumed adds greatly to its attractiveness. The dialogue and music are marked by the same general characteristics as in the preceding opera; though in the former we find a greater tendency to merely verbal witticism, and, in the latter, oftentimes something more than a mere resemblance, as, for instance, in the *Chanson à l'oiseau*, which suggests the *Ah, que j'aime les militaires*. But originality is not the strong point of Offenbach's music, as a dozen critics have shown, and we do not quarrel with him for repeating himself or anybody else, provided he always disguises the theft so delightfully. He is not fond, perhaps not capable, of any very complex or striking harmonic effects; he contents himself with such pearls as the shallow waters of melody yield to no long or toilsome search, leaving to bolder and more earnest spirits the shining and perfect gems that lie hidden in the fathomless depths of song. Even his merriment is a trifle forced; his comicality is oftener produced by bizarre combinations of note or odd distortions of phrase—as in the catch which M. Leduc renders so capitally, *Je suis mari de la reine—ri de la reine—ri de la reine*, where a very whimsical effect is produced by the disjoining of the word *mari*—than by any reference to the genuine elements of humor. But he has admirably gauged his own resources and capabilities, and whatever he attempts is done well and neatly. In point of comparative excellence, the music of *La Belle Hélène* shows no falling off; there is perhaps no single air which can be called equal in melody to *Dites-lui*, or in sparkle and vivacity to the *Ballade à Boire*; but there is probably a greater

number of striking and effective ones, of the kind that cling to and haunt one's memory, that ring in one's ears, and creep to the end of one's tongue, and will be whistled or hummed, and won't be denied on any pretence whatever. Doubtless, much of this results from that subtle, indefinite sense of familiarity which Offenbach's music always gives, and which is traceable, no doubt, to his immense adaptiveness. *Ting la la*, the utterly absurd chorus which Mlle. de Felcourt, as Orestes, sings with much spirit and appreciation, Paris's *Fabliau* of the judgement on Mount Ida, which M. Guffroy does better than anything else that falls to his share in the opera, unless the song of the *grand augeur* in the last act, where he so far forgets himself as to be almost lively, the entering song of the kings, which we have mentioned, and the description of *Un mari sage*, which Mlle. Tostée delivers so admirably as to fully deserve the encore she nightly receives, will be as popular—as unpleasantly popular—as the corresponding gems of *La Grande Duchesse*.

And the acting—what shall we say of the acting? or how can we better or more briefly express our opinion than by saying it shows the same elaboration and attention to details which we had occasion to admire before? Perhaps there is a trifling degree of monotony in some of the delineations; it requires only a very little violence to chronology to imagine the new opera a sequel to the old. Menelaus and Hélène are precisely what we should expect Prince Paul and the Grand Duchess to be after the nuptial knot was tied, and Paris is only Fritz in an uglier and much less becoming dress. Indeed, it is a curious evidence of the thorough identification in the public mind of most of the actors with their former rôles, that they are rarely or never spoken of by their proper names; but M. Guffroy is always Fritz, M. Leduc invariably Prince Paul, M. Lagriffoul still Baron Puck, M. Valter yet Baron Grog, M. Duchesse constantly General Boum. The three last, however, have been luckier than the other two in having characters which permit some display of versatility. Calchas is a very different personage from the intriguing minister; *le roi barbu*, with his bluff air and English side-whiskers, could never be mistaken for the pompous *général-en-chef*; and, most of all, *le bouillant Achille* is as unlike the courtly *ambassadeur de papa* as can well be imagined. The author, it seems to us, has scarcely made the most of this very comical part, but such as he left it, M. Valter fills it to perfection. The scene of the games is irresistibly funny—to our mind the drollest of the opera. The *jeu à l'oie* is humorously conceived and well acted, especially by Calchas, but perhaps just a trifle drawn out. But undoubtedly the finest acting in the piece is that of Mlle. Tostée as Hélène. The intonation with which she pronounces the words "*J'ai tout fait pour l'aimer. . . Je n'ai pas pu. . . je n'ai pas pu*" is quite inimitable, and her love-making with Paris quite as good as her love-making with Fritz, of which, indeed, it is almost a repetition. Perhaps her gestures are sometimes a trifle indecorous, notably in the *rondo*, *Nous naissons toutes soucieuses*, but not a whit more so than in the *Can-Can*, which everybody has seen and tolerated. If the fair Helen is immoral, the Grand Duchess was not a prude, and the sudden virtue of some of our critics is rather late to be effective.

To take off in the middle of a successful run a piece so full of the intrinsic elements of popularity as *La Grande Duchesse* betokens in a manager either considerable courage or great confidence in his own resources. Perhaps Mr. Bateman had both motives to sustain him, but at any rate in this case the risk has certainly been justified by the result. *La Belle Hélène* is destined to as long a run as managerial impatience will permit; but after? What new surprises await us in the unrevealing future? Can composer and manager together give us anything better than they have given? We know not, but Mr. Bateman has taught us a lesson, and we shall hereafter never despair.

TABLE-TALK.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY, we think, would be wronged if its importance were reckoned at all inferior, in its very different and infinitely more practical way, to that of chromolithography, which Mr. Prang has so admirably succeeded in establishing among us. The other process, however, has been less auspiciously introduced to the notice of the public. *The Magpie*—aptly entitled and happily conceived though it was—presented itself in so preternaturally dingy a guise that its relegation to whatever limbo it emerged from could excite no regret, except that it had ever appeared to malign what it aspired to represent. A much more attractive exhibition of the capabilities of photo-lithography is made in a series of prints which we have received from the American Photo-Lithographic Company, or in the numerous specimens of the art which are to be seen at the office of its inventor in *The New York Herald* building. Among those before us are reproductions not merely of lithographs, but of wood-cuts, steel and copper-plates, and even pen-drawings, which may without exaggeration be pronounced indistinguishable from their originals. There are pictures of Dore's, for instance, from his *Bible and Inferno*, which one would not merely unhesitatingly pronounce to be the familiar wood-cuts, but in which the closest scrutiny of the two collated fails to reveal a difference. This exact reproduction, however, is less surprising than the examples illustrative of the process of reduction in size. Thus, we have a German panoramic silhouette of the characters in the East-

ter Morning procession toward the opening of Goethe's *Faust*, and immediately below we have the same about one-fourth of the original size, yet retaining every line, fine as many of them are. The same operation is repeated by gradations in a sheet where we have seven reproductions of a lithograph, being respectively of the full size of the original, and with $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, and $\frac{1}{16}$ off the scale, while, although the last has almost the fineness of line of a copper-plate, every line of each is formed in all. What would perhaps be convincing to the greatest number of persons is a similarly graded series of six reproductions of the same page of letter-press; in this it is difficult to persuade one's self, first, that the words have not been printed from type, and next, that the smallest of them—one so minute that only its exquisite perfection makes it legible by the naked eye—is not the first regarded through a reversed telescope. To state the manifold applications of the process would exceed any reasonable limits, and, besides, they are fully set forth in the circular of the company. Briefly, its property is the reproduction, in *fac-simile* and on any scale, of whatever delineations are composed of black lines on a white surface—that is, generally, of all illustrations except mezzotint engravings, oil paintings, and photographs, which present, not lines, but tints. This it does with all the absolute exactness of the photograph, with great economy of time and labor, rendering possible the reproduction of rare books—letter-press, illustrations, and all—of autograph letters, of adapting existing engravings to books of greater or less size, in fact, rendering possible many things in book-making which have hitherto been forbidden by their costliness. For many other callings—for the artist, engineer, architect, designer, map-maker—photo-lithography has no less value than for the book-maker; in fact it is one of the inventions whose fruits in no long time will doubtless meet us at every turn.

MR. BRADY has added to his really very valuable collection of portraits a photograph of the impeachment managers. Regarded as a photographic achievement, its finish and the accuracy of the likenesses are admirable, and the production will have its due historical value. But, to speak plainly, we fancy the sensation it will generally inspire will be one—not of chagrin, for we are becoming hardened to such things—but of disgust. Of the seven men to whom has been entrusted the conduct of one of the most momentous events in the life of the nation, there are but two whose appearance conveys assurance that they are gentlemen; one has the aspect of a fireman arrayed for a ball, a typical Bowery swell; the remainder suggest farmers in their Sunday clothes, the boots of the entire party having evidently received, on the eve of their posing, the preternatural polish of street boot-blacks; while, without even the exception of the two faces whose refinement distinguishes them, General Butler is the only one of the countenances upon which one ignorant of their ownership would be impelled to cast a second glance. We do not mean that in at least five faces out of the seven there is anything particularly sinister, but that they are essentially commonplace and mediocre, of the type one would expect to encounter in a country tavern or meeting-house, rather than in a high legislative assemblage.

LAUGHTER IN THE SENATE.

I.
In the South lies a lonesome, hungry Land;
He huddles his rags with a cripple's hand;
He mutters, prone on the barren sand,
What time his heart is breaking.

II.
He lifts his bare head from the ground;
He listens through the gloom around:
The winds have brought him a strange sound
Of distant merry-making.

III.
Comes now the Peace, so long delayed?
Is it the cheerful voice of Aid?
Begins the time, his heart has prayed,
When men may reap and sow?

IV.
Ah, God! Back to the cold earth's breast!
The sages chuckle o'er their jest;
Must they, to give a people rest,
Their dainty wit forego?

V.
The tyrants sit in a stately hall;
They jibe at a wretched people's fall;
The tyrants forget how fresh is the pall
Over their dead and ours.

VI.
Look how the senators ape the clown,
And don the motley and hide the gown,
But yonder a fast-rising frown
On the people's forehead lowers.

SIDNEY LANIER.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce for early publication *The Divine Teacher*, being the recorded sayings of our Lord Jesus Christ during his ministry on earth; *The Garland*, selections from various authors; *The Autobiography of Dr. Benjamin Franklin*, the first and only complete edition of Franklin's memoirs, printed from the original MS., with notes and an introduction by the Hon. John Bigelow, late minister of the United States to France, and illustrated by a line engraving from the pastel portrait by Duplessis, in Mr. Bigelow's possession; *Recollections of the Paris Exhibition of 1867*, by Eugene Rimmel; Swedenborg's *Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Providence*, from the original Latin as edited Dr. J. F. I. Tafel, translated by R. Norman Foster; *Ante Bellum: Southern Life as it was*, by Mary Lennox; *Daisy: A Sequel*

to *Melbourne House*, by the author of *The Wide Wide World*; *Lives of the English Cardinals*, including historical notices of the Papal court, from Nicholas Breakspere (Pope Adrian IV.) to Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Legate, by Folkestone Williams, author of *The Court and Times of James I.*; *A Treatise on Naval Architecture and Ship-Building*, compiled from various standard authorities, by Lt.-Commander Richard W. Meade, U. S. Navy; *The Hermits*, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, forming the second volume of *The Sunday Library*; also, *Discipline, and other Sermons*, by the same author; *Old Deccan Days*; or, *Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India*, collected from oral tradition, by M. Frere, with an introduction and notes by Sir Bartle Frere; *Horace Wilde*, a novel, by Mrs. M. Jeanie Mallory; and an illustrated volume entitled *Odonalgia, commonly called Toothache: Its Causes, Symptoms, and Cure*, by S. Parsons Shaw, dentist. Beside this long list the same house has recently issued or will soon issue another volume of the new standard edition of Thackeray's works, being the first volume of *The Newcomes*; and three more of the *Globe Edition* of Bulwer, namely, *Ernest Maltravers* and two volumes of *What Will He Do with It?*

MESSRS. G. W. CARLETON & Co. have in press *Behind the Scenes*, by Mrs. Elizabeth Keckley, who is described as "for forty years a household slave in the best Southern families," "and during the plotting of the rebellion a confidential servant of Mrs. Jefferson Davis," and "since the commencement of the rebellion, and up to date, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln's *modiste* (dressmaker), confidential friend, and business woman generally." This work the publishers expect, probably with reason, to "produce a great sensation;" but when they go on to assert, with an hyperbole to which we have become pretty well accustomed, that it will "be read by every man and woman in the land with the deepest interest," it is as well they should be reminded of a circumstance they have often seemed to be unaware of—that there are men and women in the land to whom the literature of the kitchen does not appeal, and to whom neither the act of receiving nor of retailing the confidences of servants commends itself as creditable. Still—and this, no doubt, is with them the chief point—the conception of the book being essentially vulgar, its success will probably be complete.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have recently completed in Brooklyn an immense structure for printing and binding, which was planned after a careful comparison of the best features of similar factories in France and Germany, and is probably one of the most thoroughly appointed book-making establishments in the world. The engraving shows a castellated building surrounding three sides of a rectangle, one front being four stories in height and over two hundred and fifty feet long, the two other wings being lower and about two hundred feet each in length, the design being ultimately to complete the quadrangle, enclosing an area of about one and a quarter acres. Remarkable provision has been made for lighting (by innumerable large windows), warming, and ventilating the work-rooms, and also making the entire structure as completely fire-proof as possible. From the very full accounts which have been given in the daily papers we can only particularize some of the most noticeable features. Among these are one entire floor devoted to the packing merely of school-books, whence are sent forth a daily average of 15,000 copies of a favorite spelling-book, orders for which at the beginning of the year were half-a-million copies in excess of the power of supply,—a press, in another room, which from year's end to year's end is incessantly at work upon Webster's *Spelling-Book*, the book upon which the author lived while preparing his *Dictionary*,—the vaults where, in more than 10,000 boxes, are disposed the stereotype plates of the publications of the firm, ready to be placed on the press whenever an edition is required,—the bindery where nearly 40,000 volumes can be, and are, finished daily. For the present, and until the extra range we have mentioned shall be built, the type-setting and stereotyping will be done at the new wholesale house of the firm on Grand and Greene streets, New York, which is connected by telegraph with the Brooklyn factory. On the whole, we have little doubt of the justice of the claim made for the appointments of the house—that, taken altogether, for their completeness and their provision for the health and comfort of the operatives, they are without a superior in the world.

COL. EDWARD GRIFFIN PARKER's death occurred before the issue of our last number, but the intelligence did not reach us until too late for mention in these columns. Col. Parker was a graduate of Yale and of the Cambridge law school. His essays at authorship embraced a *Life of Rufus Choate*, with whom he was professionally connected during his legal practice in Boston, a treatise called *The Golden Age of American Oratory*, and various papers in *Putnam's Magazine* and other periodicals. Averse to the task of building up a new practice in New York, which he made his home after his return from the war, Col. Parker devoted himself to the establishment of the American Literary Bureau, from which his health obliged him to retire some months before his death. His culture and the charm of his very genial and refined manners had endeared him to a large circle of friends in his new home.

MR. JAMES P. WALKER, connected for many years with the publishing business in Portsmouth, N. H., in Albany, and in Boston, and more recently the senior member of the publishing firm of Walker, Wise & Co., afterwards Walker, Fuller & Co., and secretary of the (Unitarian) Sunday-school Society, died recently at his home at Jamaica Plains.

MR. E. H. BUTLER, for many years a leading publisher, chiefly of school-books, in Philadelphia, died at his home near that city on the 27th ult.

A CORRESPONDENT OF *Notes and Queries* defends Dryden against the accepted criticism of "negligencies" in *Alexander's Feast*. The charge was originally made by Dr. Johnson, who declared that "some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes, a defect which I never detected but after an acquaintance of many years." Mr. (Allan?) Cunningham observes of this, that "there is only one line without a correspondent line (rhyme?)—And sighed and looked." Mr. Bell, in his edition of *Dryden*, quotes Dr. Johnson's criticism as an evidence of the haste in which the ode must have been written, and says: "The lines alluded to by Dr. Johnson will be found in the 1st, 2d, 5th, and 6th stanzas." The present correspondent denies that any such defect exists, claiming further that, had it done so, inasmuch as "Dryden considered this ode 'the best of all his poetry,'" it must have been regarded as "the result not of negligence, but design." Of Mr. Bell's specifications he disposes thus—that in stanza 1 the allusion may be to the verse, "On his imperial throne," which he justifies as a rhyme with *son* and *son*, or to "None but the brave," which, though thrice repeated, is in fact but half of the following verse, "None but the brave deserves the fair;" that in stanza 5 the same defence applies to "Sighed and looked, and sighed again;" that in stanza 2 the only ground for objection must consist in a failure to perceive rhyme between *love*, *love*, and *above*, as in stanza 6 between *high*, *joy*, and *destroy*—rhymes which, he argues, were considered allowable to a much later day than Dryden's, and which, we may add, are faultless by comparison with the atrocious unions of dissimilar sounds still prevalent in four out of five specimens of the "poetry" in collections of hymns, from the *Book of Common Prayer* down to the *Bethany Jewshark* or *Evangelical Hurdigurdy*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Demonology and Witchcraft*, a work little known and not included in the regular editions of his works, has lately been published in England, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. It was written originally for *Murray's Family Library*, and was the production of those later days when Scott was no longer what he had been. In his diary for May 26, 1830—when he was 59 years old, and two years before his death—occurs the entry, "Wrought with proofs, etc., at the *Demonology*, which is a cursed business to do neatly. I must finish it though." Lockhart describes it as containing "many passages worthy of his best day," but both he and his reviewer in the last *Quarterly Review* are at one in pronouncing it unable to endure criticism. It is, perhaps, scarcely a kindness to its great author's memory to revive it.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE and the not less noted Miss Menken appear together in a card photograph after the manner of the same lady with Dumas père. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, from which we get our information, intimates that the production may possibly have come from the common photographic trick of combining faces and bodies which do not belong to each other, in which event it does not presume to decide which of the parties has most reason

to complain of libel. *The Tomahawk*, under the caption of *A Canard about a Duck*, refers to the matter to justify a rumor that there is to be produced the drama of *Cupid and Psyche*, in which "the bare-faced poet and the bare-backed actress" sustain the principal parts.

TALLEYRAND'S *Memoirs*, as it is well known, have long been expected to appear during this year, the period of thirty years from the writer's death, during which their privacy was enjoined, expiring this month. It seems, however, that the revelation is to be further withheld. A Paris correspondent of *The Evening Post* learns from a source he refrains from mentioning "that the matter has been reconsidered, and it is considered more prudent to put off the publication for some time longer. It may be supposed, therefore, that these memoirs are more frank and personal than those just written by Guizot concerning his career."

AMONG new French books some of the most notable are *Romée d'Avirey's Louis XIV. and the Principal Personages of his Time*; J. Chantrel's *Annales Ecclésiastiques de 1860 à 1866*, a condensed history of the Roman Catholic Church during the period named; *Paris and its Historians in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries*, the combined work of MM. Le Roux de Lincy and L. M. Tisserand; F. de Saucy's *History of Herod, King of the Jews*; and the sixth, which is the concluding, volume of H. d'Arbois de Joubainville's *History of the Dukes and Counts of Champagne*.

M. EDMUND ABOUT, on his return from the Egyptian tour we mentioned some weeks ago, is to become the art critic of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

M. SAINT-BEUVE'S health, about which much anxiety has been felt, is so far restored as to enable him to resume his literary labors.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, we regret to learn from a paragraph in *The Atlas*, is ill, and obliged to return to Europe. Dr. MacLeod, it will be remembered, left England last fall for a tour among the missions in India of the Scottish Established Church.

MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS has translated, from the German of Dr. E. Zeller, *Aristotle and the Elder Peripatetics*.

MRS. AUGUSTA WEBSTER, an English poet of deserved position, has published a translation into verse of Euripides' *Medea*.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has issued a work on *Schools and Universities on the Continent*.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(41.)—Can you tell me when and where the word *dickens* was first employed as synonymous with *devil*? and if you can tell me the when and the where, can you also explain the why? This word is used by Mrs. Page in *Merry Wives of Windsor* with a freedom that denotes its having arrived at years of discretion as early as the Elizabethan age,

but how old the *dickens* was at that time very learned big-wigs have not been able to inform me. K. F.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

(42.)—Will you advise me where I can find the quotation in which occur the words "Whirligig of Time"? I think it is Shakespearian.

BALTIMORE, March 21, 1868.

It is—*Twelfth Night*, Act v., Scene 1.

JOSIE S. W.

(43.)—To what nation's diplomatic corps does the Mr. Henry belong who wrote *The Princess Vareda*, printed in the two last numbers of *Putnam's Magazine*?—is he really an Englishman, as he professes to be, or is he one of our own countrymen? If the latter, then is he probably as nearly related to Edgar Poe as his story seems to be to that author's tale, entitled *The Purloined Letter*? The warps of the two webs must have been set in mills very nearly akin. I am aching with curiosity to learn whether the card-rack used by Vareda to keep her "packet in open sight" was or was not the self-same one which served the Minister D. for *hiding in plain view* his stolen letter? G. W. EVELETH.

FORT FAIRFIELD, MAINE, March 24, 1868.

(44.)—Please inform me why the daughter of Philip II. of Spain, who became the queen of Louis XIII. of France, was called "Anne of Austria"? W.

LAFAYETTE, IND., March 27, 1868.

Anne was the daughter of Philip III., not of Philip II. Why the title "of Austria" should be given her—that is, if it was given to her otherwise than as it was given to other members of her family—we do not know. Her house, which gave six kings to Spain, is known in Spanish history as the House of Austria: it began with Philip I., "the Fair" of Austria, who married Jane the Insane, the last of the House of Castile, and ended with Charles II., whose sister, Maria Theresa, married Louis XIV., when the Spanish crown passed to the House of Bourbon. It chanced also that, beside Anne's Austrian blood in the male line, her mother (Margaret of Austria) and, we think, her grandmother (Anne of Austria) the last of Philip II.'s four wives) were of the Imperial family.

(45.)—In these days of photo-lithography could not some enterprising publisher obtain permission to issue photo-lithographic copies of the Declaration of Independence, which now hangs exposed in the Patent Office at Washington, almost illegible by the fading of the ink? It appears to me that almost every American, whose means would admit, would like to obtain a veritable copy of this venerable document, such as no other method is capable of producing. H. N.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., March 4, 1868.

There is a very accurate lithographic *fac-simile*—not photo-lithographic, for it must antedate photography—of the Declaration, printed in what must have been, in its day, a very gorgeous manner. A copy of it which we possess has been mislaid, and it is so long since we have examined it that our recollection is by no means precise. If our memory serves, however, it includes: 1st, the original draft, with erasures and interlineations; 2d, the corrected draft; 3d, the signatures; 4th, in type, an appendix explanatory of various matters and also containing brief notices of each of the signers. It was, we think, a Philadelphia product—at any rate, if our description is inaccurate it will probably be corrected by some correspondent fortunate in the possession of a copy, or by ourselves when we can lay hands upon our own.

(46.)—What does Dr. Johnson mean by "the shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love and found him a native of the rocks"—or words to that effect, as the forty-shilling lawyers say? I was an assiduous reader of the Mantuan, in the consulship of Plancus. I can't make sense of the passage. L. K.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, March, 1868.

(47.)—Can you or any of your contributors give me the name of the author of the saying, "Cleanliness is akin (or next to) to godliness"? I have heard it attributed to Whitefield, but, up to this time, have not been able to discover it in any of his works. W. H. S.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY, BALTIMORE, April 1, 1868.

(40.)—*The Ballad of Captain Davis* is found in the *Sparrowgrass Papers*. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1856. J. A. G.

IRONTON, MO., March 31, 1868.

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